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THE GUARDIAN WEEKLY

Vol. 135 No. 12 Week ending September 21, 1986

Terrorist bomb wave hits Paris

The fifth terrorist operation in 12 days in Paris killed one person and injured 51 on Monday. An Arab group demanding the release of Georges Ibrahim Abdalla, gaoled in France for possessing arms and wanted in Italy for terrorist involvement, claimed responsibility for all the attacks. France is introducing visa requirements for all visitors except those from the EEC and Switzerland, and the Prime Minister, Mr Chirac, has promised "draconian reprisals" against terrorists.

The French defence

THE countries of Europe have endured two terrible decades of terrorism. Britain, with the IRA. Italy, with the Red Brigade. Germany, with the Baader-Meinhoff gang. Spain, with Basque separatists. During those years, Prime Ministers — like Olof Palme — have died; or — like Margaret Thatcher — escaped by the skin of their teeth. The threat to civilised democratic values has surfaced continually, and been resisted only with the greatest difficulty. Even so, over those decades, it is hard to recall a terrorist campaign which, by its momentum, has posed the threat that France now grapples with. The shadowy Lebanese groups who have killed three and injured nearly two hundred over the last eight months show every sign of being the most professional terrorists in European history. When the Government reacts, as it did on Sunday, introducing a wave of emergency powers, the killers reply instantly by exploding yet another bomb in Paris police headquarters. And eight months into the campaign, there are still no clues, still no arrests. Paris, bombed four times in a week, clearly feels itself vulnerable and bemused. That is the situation all terrorists lust after. If there is vulnerability, there is also the beginning of panic.

Mr Jacques Chirac thus faces the sternest of personal tests (with a veritable overture of political calculation sounding at his back). On Sunday he seemed to have judged matters fairly shrewdly. There would be vigilance and troops on the streets, and — through visas — the tightest defence of its frontiers that France could contrive. He was reacting, but he was not panicking. Monday's fresh explosion, however, turns up the heat; and France, together with all its European friends, would do well to pause and draw breath. One Chirac measure — the State's new ability to deport any unwelcome foreigner without evidence or right of judicial review — was already (even in present, miserable circumstances) at the margin of democratic behaviour. Beyond that, in the Prime Minister's "draconian" bag of policies, lies the kind of covert activity that scarred French society in the heat of the Algerian war. Mr Chirac (witness his immigration policies, and his early steps to reinforce the powers of the police) is no great civil libertarian. Yet he must take the most critical decisions to safeguard French liberties from the debasement that terrorists seek.

That will be an awesomely taxing job. Ireland, gradually, insidiously, has chipped at the standards of British democracy. In France such standards are historically frailer in any case. At such a time it is vital that all of Europe realises that it has a stake here. A continent cannot hermetically seal its borders. But it can, however reluctantly, move towards stronger, consolidated steps against terrorism. In particular, it can ensure that a suspected terrorist deported from one nation of Europe cannot find easy shelter in another. Such a European dimension is important now because France — like Spain, like Italy, like Britain — cannot be left any longer to tackle the outrages alone. And the more that France feels (rightly) a part of a sympathetic, shared campaign, the more likely it is to hold its nerve steady during a time of incipient turmoil.

Reports, pages 6, 11, 13



'WHAT THE HELL WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?'

Volatility — not 1929 again

WALL STREET suffered its sharpest ever fall (in absolute terms) on Thursday last week when the Dow Jones share index plunged 86.6 points. The percentage fall (4.6 per cent) was nothing like the notorious 12.8 per cent drop during the crash of October 28, 1929, but it has nevertheless drawn attention once again to the uncertain outlook for the US economy, with its gargantuan budget deficit (over $200 billion). In an important sense the fall of the Dow Jones is merely a long overdue adjustment to the fact that share prices have risen by over 25 per cent this year. Adjustments in these days of huge financial flows, instant world communications, and computerised dealings come quick and brutal. Of the nine sharpest (absolute) daily falls in the history of the Dow Jones index, six happened this year. But they haven't been cumulative. So far, after each fall the index recovered. Only a few days ago, remember, it was at a record high. In this sense last week's fall was merely a stronger re-run of the July fall as the index tried to adjust to reality.

But what is reality in Wall Street's hall of financial mirrors? The immediate cause of the fall was fear of sharply increased economic growth based on a 2.8 per cent rise in August retail sales in unpublished government figures. As it turned out, the US government announced an increase of only 0.8 per cent. But the reaction in any case seems perverse. Don't you need extra growth to justify high share prices? True; but in the short term increased growth could mean more borrowing, thereby threatening higher interest rates which in turn would lower bond prices and raise fears of renewed inflation. Not for nothing have people gone into gold in recent weeks.

The US has been pleading with Japan and West Germany for many months to take the lead in reducing interest rates further, but continues to be given the cold shoulder. If US interest rates start to rise again after the long downward trend then money will pour into the US, strengthening the dollar just when everyone is patiently waiting for the effects of its decline (26 per cent since February 1985) to show up in terms of increased competitiveness. It can take upwards of 18 months for a devaluation to show up in improved trade figures. In such circumstances the behaviour of the dollar can be expected to be highly volatile. West Germany, Japan (and, indeed, Britain) could help. Bonn has negative inflation now. Week by week, America needs help more. When are we going to give it?

Report, page 3

Britain and the price of oil

NORWAY'S decision, against Whitehall's advice, to become a sort of country member of Opec (it is to cut oil exports by 10 per cent in November and December) has left Britain as the only producer of any consequence out of step. There ought to be nothing surprising about that. After all, the British Government is a strong believer in free enterprise and competition. Why on earth should anyone even think that it could contemplate joining a cartel? The answer is that UK energy policy is schizophrenic: it consists of free markets abroad and monopoly at home. The coal, gas, electricity and nuclear industries are all monopolies and gas will continue in this form after privatisation. Instead of allowing gas prices to stay at levels which the management of British Gas thought were commercially desirable, the Government has on at least three occasions forced gas prices up by 10 per cent in real terms. Neither coal nor electricity prices were

Continued on page 10

Daniloff talks sense

"LET'S be reasonable, let's be calm, let's be sensible and give the diplomats a chance to fashion an imaginative solution." Mr Nicholas Daniloff is indeed a sensible fellow, and he deserves a respectful hearing as American anger rises over the growing probability that he and the KGB's Gennady Zakharov will shortly be swapped from the half-way houses of their respective embassies in Washington and Moscow. For once, in a vignette to treasure, Mr Ronald Reagan is taking a Capitol Hill pasting for being too soft on the Russians. For once, though, Mr Reagan is showing admirable good sense. Last week no-one could be sure whether the Daniloff affair was cock-up or a Kremlin contrivance to postpone an unwanted summit. Friday night's move to the half-way houses settled that argument. The business was simple botch.

Since then we've witnessed the unedifying spectacle (especially in Moscow) of a superpower carrying on blustering in public, whilst retreating in private. Sad, but probably inescapable — with a CIA defector talking to Soviet television to keep up the windy barrage. Mr Edward Le Howard's TV chat, however, is not entirely without point, since it reopens a recent CIA wound and goes some way to explaining the hitherto mysterious matter of why so much should have been made in America of the low-level Mr Zakharov's arrest. There is, yet again, secret service game-playing here, and the oldest of lessons. The West spies on the East; the East spies on the West. Such activities carry on regardless of diplomatic relationships, and both intelligence communities have a vested interest in keeping themselves in funds. But a nation that allows spying to get in the way of diplomacy is a nation that has confused the essentially trivial with the massively important. Mr Gorbachev has not handled the Daniloff episode well or clearly. But Daniloff himself sees the two separate tracks of summitry and espionage, and if he can do that after many miserable days in a Soviet gaol, then American public opinion, too, should register the difference.

Martin Walker, page 7
Washington Post, 15 and 16

INSIDE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

…ssels

Not so 'fail-saf…

The Secretary of the Electric… Power Engineers' Associati… reported claiming to …in an TUC Conference…airman of reactors are …ty Generating reactor …vourably contrasted cont…yl reactor and Canadi…ssure-tube reactors (Candu) … the one hand with British reactors on the other.

When a pressure tube of a Candu reactor fails — as they have — it does so slowly over a period of hours or even days, which is very long by comparison with the time required to operate the reactor controls. The reactor operators have plenty of warning.

If the pressure vessel of a British reactor were to fail, it would do so rapidly. It would go ping. The period of failure would be a fraction of a second, much less than … to operate the …s.

…why it is so important to … pressure-vessel failure. The …uclear industry has set up a Pressure Vessel Inspection and Validation Centre precisely because a pressure vessel of the type proposed for Sizewell B could well go ping if not constructed with great care and to a higher standard than we are accustomed to.

I am at a loss to see how the failure of a PWR pressure vessel is safer than the failure of a Candu pressure tube. I am equally at a loss to see how the rapid failure of any pressure vessel can be described as "fail-safe."

R. V. Hesketh,
Lower Stone,
Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

Experts seem to have returned from the IAEA conference with the optimistic view that the benefits of atomic energy outweigh the dangers after all, and that the thing will become safer as we learn from accidents. The same has been true of the automobile, and our society has become irrevocably geared to it despite a huge toll of road accidents and massive pollution. The consequences of getting "hooked" to atomic energy may be more far-reaching.

R. Belz,
Hilversum, Holland.

High-altitude hypoxia

We have read recently of people who climb high mountains without a source of oxygen.[1] Insufficient oxygen and extreme cold are two important hazards encountered in the Himalayas. The brain is sensitive to insufficient oxygen (hypoxia) and can easily be permanently damaged. In contrast, a very low body temperature (hypothermia) can actually protect the subject against hypoxia.[2]

A situation where hypoxia is possible and well known to cause permanent brain damage is that encountered by an infant (however husky) during a prolonged and difficult labor. The phrase "Mount Everest in utero" has been used by physiologists.[3]

Is it really sporting to struggle valiantly against hypoxia? The Oxford English Dictionary defines a sport as a "pleasant pastime", and the Random House Dictionary as "an athletic activity requiring skill or physical prowess". Training can only raise the tolerated degree of oxygen deficiency very slightly, and does so by increasing the number of red cells in the blood. Even people who have grown up at high altitudes, and have unusually efficient breathing capacities, cannot escape the damage of hypoxemic blood.

If one accepts all this, then one must believe that struggling into rarified air without a supply of oxygen is not a sport but an effort to defy nature with a crude experiment in physiology, the results of which are already well known, and likely to be sad.

Richard L. Day, MD,
Lakeview Terrace,
Westbrook Ct.

1: West JB. Do climbs to extreme altitude cause brain damage? The Lancet, Aug. 16, 1986, page 387.
2: Ganong WF. Review of Medical Physiology, 3rd Edition, 1967, page 187. Pub. by Lange Medical Publications, Los Altos, Calif.
3: Dawes G. Foetal and Neonatal Physiology. Year Book of Year Book Publishers, 1968, page 31. Year Book Medical Publishers, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago.

Tied up in knots

I agreed with most of what your reviewer, Christopher Hitchins, had to say about Baden-Powell and the Scout movement. However, I must take exception to his final paragraph.

Mr Hitchins can tie sheepshanks in his sleep until he snores; he'll never join two ropes of different sizes with it. The knot that he's searching through his boyhood dreams for is the sheet bend, also known in Yorkshire and Lancashire mills as the weaver's knot.

M. Neil Copeland,
PO Box 99,
Armdale, Nova Scotia.

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Hypocrisy and the monster we have created

Your correspondents are jumping all over Brian Thomas (Letters, August 10) for allegedly theorising that the Greenpeace photographer's death in Auckland last July was his own fault or caused by harbour authorities' negligence. He didn't. He ironised broadly about the very selective emphasis of a Le Monde reporter's article which left precisely that impression — that the poor chap unfortunately did himself in. Thomas just kicked the door in and let the implicitly bitter parody run free.

The review of the book "Inquest into three state secrets" *(Le Monde section, September 7)* stating that everybody who was anybody in France except Prime Minister Fabius (but including President Mitterand) knew in advance about the attack and lied about it afterwards, along with the avowal by the previous head of France's secret services on a recent television interview that those services had been behind numerous Greenpeace tribulations anywhere from the bowels of the engine room to the bowels of the crew, leaves us with an image of malign monkeying and paranoid vengefulness mind-bogglingly at odds with the dignified, solemn *honneur* at the base of the *gloire* of this *patrie*, which is the compulsively polished image presented for consumption at home as well as abroad.

All major nations seem ensnared in such deceit and hypocrisy, forced continually to feed and placate the insatiable monster they have created — the "noble" image of the nation. Greenpeace and kindred groupings represent a very different way of being and of doing. It is a far, far better one.

Michael Randolph,
St Paul Cap de Joux,
France.

Role of violence in Rosa's revolution

Derek Malcolm (September 7) is quite right to say that "No film in London at the moment has more serious intent or raises more important questions" than does Margarethe von Trotta's Rosa Luxemburg.

So it is unfortunate that his short review of this excellent film contains two major errors which will mislead readers.

He claims that Karl Liebknecht, who was murdered on the same night as her in January 1919, was "her lover." This just is not true. They were both murdered because they worked closely together in opposing the First World War and in calling for revolution after it.

He refers to Rosa as a "pacifist." This too is misleading. She was a vehement opponent of imperialist war and hated any sort of bloodshed. But she was also a major Marxist thinker who insisted that war is a product of the division of society into classes.

Her most ambitious work, The Accumulation of Capital, set out to explain in this way the drive to war that ultimately led to World War One. Her conclusion was that the horror of war could not be ended without the forcible overthrow of existing society.

Such reasoning meant she was not an opponent of *all* violence. In Warsaw in the revolutionary winter of 1905-06 she argued that the next step in the fight against Tsarism required socialists to "arm the most advanced workers" and to "prepare plans for street fighting."

In a similar vein, she warned in Berlin in December 1919 that the ruling class would be prepared to use the bloodiest means to maintain its grip on society. "It is madness to believe that capitalists will ever submit to the verdict of a socialist parliamentary majority and abandon their property, their profits and their privilege of exploiting their fellow men." And so, she argued, the mass of workers has to be prepared to use "revolutionary violence" against the ruling minority.

What she did, rightly, point out was that the violence of the majority of society fighting for its emancipation would be on a much smaller scale than that used by minority ruling classes.

Her warnings were vindicated by subsequent events. The failure of the German working class movement forcibly to disarm the upper classes in 1919 not only permitted the murder of Rosa and many of her comrades, it also left intact the forces that put Hitler in power in 1933.

Margarethe von Trotta's film focuses attention on the life of a very great and inspiring woman. But it would be completely to distort the meaning of that life to forget that Rosa came down decisively on one side against the other in the argument over reform and revolution.

Chris Harman,
London E3 3LH.

Look, no feet

In Moscow in April I paid £1.85 for a ticket to see the Bolshoi Ballet, struggled through a crowd of Muscovites asking for tickets, bought my programme for 25p, and watched "Giselle" from the top tier of the beautiful Bolshoi theatre. From this bird's-eye view the tops of the dancers' heads were in view, but I could see the whole of the performance and the orchestra.

In Manchester in August I paid £32 for a ticket to see the Bolshoi Ballet, struggled through a crowd of Mancunians, all protesting, bought a programme for £3 and watched "Divertissement" from the front row of the stalls of the Palace theatre. From this view virtually under the stage, the feet of the dancers were seldom visible and only half the stage could be seen.

D. J. Stewart,
Wilmslow, Cheshire.

More than mere boisterousness?

I was surprised to read (September 7) that a steward at Pontypridd Rugby Football Club could sum up a case of knocking someone unconscious on the rugby field with the macho statement: "These boys are boisterous, but they are not dirty players."

One might deduce from this comment that punching people in the face in Welsh rugby is commonplace, so what the hell!

I hesitate as a mere Englishman to intervene in a debate that concerns the giants of the principality and only do so because I can speak with personal authority. Some years ago when playing for Esher RFC against Ebbw Vale, I had two teeth knocked out. The blow was deliberate.

I was winning the ball in the line-out, so the Ebbw Vale forwards who had a plan for every eventuality, thought they'd put an end to that. One put my head in an arm-lock and the other knocked my teeth out the next time I caught the ball. It was beautifully and swiftly executed; caught me a bit by surprise in fact. However I carried on playing. Ebbw Vale won the match.

At the end of it all, I asked myself why in God's name these boisterous boys didn't listen more to the preachings of their local MP, Michael Foot, on the need to distribute the milk of human kindness more widely. It was a silly thought because I'd forgotten that rugby is a religion in Wales.

So the Pontypridd steward is right. It's got nothing to do with dirty play.

Brian Sedgemore, MP,
(Lab, Hackney S and Shoreditch),
House of Commons.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed but not all can be acknowledged. We don't like cutting them but sometimes this is necessary to get them in the page — short letters stand a better chance. Send them to The Guardian Weekly, PO Box 19, Cheadle, Cheshire SK8 1DD England.

Rhodes's Oxbridge degrees

Your reviewer of the book "Oxford and the Black Man's Burden" (August 24) states: "Rhodes never really knew Oxford at first hand. His honorary degree, like that of Mrs Thatcher was opposed by some dons."

This, I am afraid, is but another item of disinformation on South Africa or South Africans! Rhodes was admitted as an undergraduate to Oriel in 1873. After keeping his terms desultorily over a number of years he took a pass degree in 1881. An honorary degree came later.

I. E. Butler,
Jutland Crescent,
Port Elizabeth, SA.

Unrewarded effort

In answer to Mr Shaw's letter concerning expatriates and the vote (August 17) I would like to point out that the very reason most people go abroad is that Government policies make it almost impossible to earn a good standard of living in Britain. All too often many years of hard study and work go unrewarded and so we are left with little choice but to look elsewhere.

If by having the vote those of us abroad could help to elect a Government committed to higher employment, greater reward and less inhibiting tax, you would find that the (invariably highly qualified) expatriates would flood home and give the economy the boost it needs.

Angela Carter,
Geneva.

NHS casualties

While in the casualty department of Hemel Hempstead Hospital, I observed the nurses cutting patients' bed-sheets into triangles to replace the slings which I was told, the NHS is unable to provide.

Is this what is meant by Government cuts?

N. Condon,
Hitchin, Hertfordshire.

Markets recovering their nerve

By our Financial Staff

WALL STREET rallied on Monday amid reassuring noises from administration officials who said that there was now hope that Japan and West Germany would reduce their interest rates. London share prices also recovered strongly after the rout at the end of last week, which was almost entirely a response to what was going on in the US. By the close Wall Street showed a rise of 8.86 points at 1767.57.

In the aftermath of last week's huge losses, dealers had regained confidence over the weekend and the balance of opinion as the London markets opened appeared to be that the collapse had gone far enough.

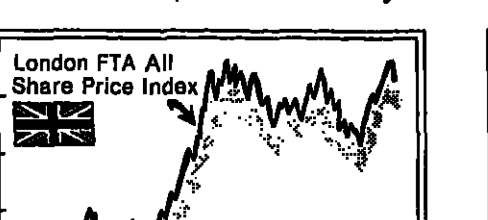
It had started on the Thursday with the Dow Jones dropping 86.62 points to 1792.89, the biggest absolute fall in financial history. In percentage terms, however, the fall was the third largest drop since records have been kept, at 4.6 per cent far short of the 12.8 per cent fall as the great crash began on October 28, 1929. Small investors joined the professionals on the Friday. At the close then the Dow Jones was 34.17 points down at 1758.72.

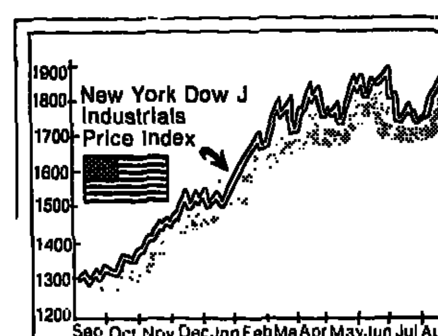
Some market experts predicted that the same computer-based trading which contributed to last week's precipitate decline might be reversed later this week, sparking a sharp rise in prices.

The idea of computers deciding on share sales rather raises the retort that if the people designing the computer programs were so bright that they knew when to buy and sell shares, why were they wasting their time playing with computers instead of retiring with a fortune? (The retort, incidently, has a further application with reference to share tips in newspapers.)

Why good news worries Wall Street

By Peter Rodgers





NOT long ago a prominent headline in the Financial Times said, "Rise in new jobs dismays Wall Street." It was a very accurate description of what had gone on in the New York markets the night before and not a case of thick-skinned editing.

A rise in employment means that the economy is recovering. This reduces the pressure on the US Federal Reserve to cut interest rates, which it would normally do if it wanted to stimulate activity and produce more jobs.

But if interest rates are no longer expected to fall, and even worse if there is a prospect that they may rise in order to prevent too rapid a recovery of the economy, then bond prices automatically fall. Their prices are inversely linked to the cost of money.

Share prices also tend to fall in these circumstances because of the short-term effect of higher interest rates on profits. So inside the market it is perfectly natural to worry about rising employment because it will cost investors money.

Only the narrowest professional dealer could miss the irony of a headline which proclaimed as bad news something which in the world outside the markets is regarded as wonderful.

The news of more growth ought to be good for companies and on the face of it should have the opposite effect. But the processes at work are never easy to pin down: somewhere lurking in the market psychology are a raft of fears about higher inflation, the trade and budget deficits, and the value of the dollar, which particularly affects foreign investors who now play a big part on Wall Street.

So investors seize on one aspect of the news, higher interest rates, and somehow that flushes out all their lurking paranoias so that they sell like mad. In other circumstances, if for example the market has seen but not really understood or assimilated a series of good news items, those same indications of better growth could have exactly the opposite effect, and trigger a rise in the stock market.

Where Wall Street is concerned, new technical developments have made it even more difficult to pin down the precise reasons for sudden market movements. One theory going round last week was that attempts to curb the increasing popularity of program trading — in which buy and sell orders are automatically triggered by computer programs which react to market indicators — had made the fall far worse than it should have been.

Program trading is regarded as bad because it makes the instincts of Wall Street even more herd-like and chaotic. The Securities and Exchange Commission recently introduced new timing rules to curb it but the program trigger points may have been brought forward to last week to avoid the SEC's restrictions.

But program trading only exaggerates what is happening already. It is crystal clear from the graphs that Wall Street, as well as the London stock market which it closely influences, has lost the panache it displayed during the boom earlier in the year. Since then there has been a series of shake-outs when prices have dropped very sharply in both markets but recovered again, to stumble on through the summer across an uneven plateau.

Sitting in New York or London, analysts and investors can count more negative signs than the positive ones such as the encouraging US figures for housing starts. There was the resurgence in gold and platinum prices a few weeks ago, a classic sign of inflationary fears. There are rises in commodity prices, including oil, which also make higher inflation likely.

There is the much touted possibility that the dollar, which recovered slightly because of higher interest rates, could collapse again, a fear stoked up by the serious disagreement between the US administration and Germany and Japan over their refusal to lower interest rates and reflate their economies to take the pressure off America.

There is also a very strong feeling that, even before the latest modest indication that economic performance is not quite as bad as it looks, the Federal Reserve has gone as far as it dared in priming the pump with lower interest rates, and may even have overdone it.

What it adds up to is a hot-potch of good and bad which leaves no room for optimism and suggests that the balance of probability is that share prices will turn downwards. But it has not yet turned into an excuse for the kind of deep pessimism that leads to real stock market crashes.

…Minister quizzed on banning …of Star Wars book

…Norton-Taylor

A BOOK critical of [illegible] Wars progress and Brita[illegible] ticipation in it has been abru[illegible] withdrawn by the publishers, and ministers have been asked to explain whether the decision was a result of pressure from the Government.

The book — Star Wars, a Question of Initiative — was to have been launched this week by John Wiley, a specialist computer publishing house based in Chichester, Sussex.

The author, Mr Richard Ennals, [illegible] of Lord Ennals, the former [illegible] Minister, resigned from [illegible] …rch jobs earlier this [illegible] was [illegible] …inst the Government Friday ni[illegible] He says he … to abandon th[illegible] …rs on

A well-publicised [illegible] …ence, arranged for We[illegible] …ed cancelled, and thousands of [illegible] of the book will be pulped. Mr Ennals said he was not given any reason for the decision, and said that the book had been passed by the publishers' lawyers.

Much of the book is a detailed analysis of computer technology. The central thesis, Mr Ennals said, is that SDI could not work. He described it as celestial snooker.

The book also reflects widespread misgivings in Whitehall, including the Department of Trade and Industry and the Ministry of Defence, about SDI and the implications for British research and universities of the secret memorandum of understanding signed by Mr Michael Heseltine, the former defence secretary, and Mr Caspar Weinberger, his US opposite number.

There is serious concern among scientists and civil servants that the Pentagon and US companies are out to poach British physicists and impose tight controls on the transfer of technology and patent rights.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Sterling Rates September 15	Previous Closing Rates
Australia	2.3722-2.3764	2.3890-2.3935
Austria	21.32-21.35	21.37-21.41
Belgium	62.85-62.96	63.01-63.15
Canada	2.0531-2.0559	2.0040-2.0475
Denmark	11.49-11.51	11.52-11.54
France	9.92-9.93	9.93-9.96
Germany	3.034-3.039	3.03-3.04
Hong Kong	11.57-11.58	11.53-11.54
Ireland	1.1031-1.1041	1.1068-1.1078
Italy	2,091-2,097	2,094-2,103
Japan	229.55-229.93	228.99-229.66
Netherlands	3.425-3.429	3.42-3.43
Norway	10.84-10.85	10.84-10.86
Portugal	215.78-217.41	219.10-220.80
Spain	198.89-199.17	199.06-200.00
Sweden	10.24-10.26	10.22-10.24
Switzerland	2.451-2.454	2.46-2.47
USA	1.4815-1.4825	1.4750-1.4765
ECU	1.4450-1.4468	1.4468-1.4485

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The unexpected wildlife in London

By Ralph Whitlock

"THE autumn migration is starting," a colleague observed to me on a day in August. "This morning I saw the first wheatears on the downs."

My mind needed a little adjusting to this statement of fact, for when I served my apprenticeship in bird-watching there were wheatears on the downs all through the summer. Dozens of them nested in the innumerable rabbit-holes.

That same week I met a photographer looking for chalkhill blue butterflies and feeling very pleased at having at last located a colony. Had it been in the 1930s he would not have had far to search. I remember that as the binder circled the barley-fields on our downlands farm the air would be alive with blue butterflies — chalkhill and adonis blues as well as the common and small blues. But the downs where these and so many other creatures flourished have been ploughed, and the wheatears no longer nest there, while the chalkhill blues are confined to a few colonies.

The picture, however, is not one of unrelieved gloom, as I was reminded the other day by a new book, *Wild in London* (published this autumn by Michael Joseph at £8.95). David Goode, the author, is Head of the London Ecology Unit, so he could hardly be more knowledgeable on his subject. My own introduction to the natural history of London was the splendid and comprehensive volume, *London's Natural History*, which an old colleague of mine, Richard Fitter, prepared for publication in 1945. So it is highly instructive to learn what has been happening in the metropolis during the past forty years. And not in London alone, for similar patterns can probably be traced in most large cities. The parallels with events in the countryside, too, are easy to trace.

For me the most interesting chapter is the final one, on the theme of *Losses and Gains*. And how encouraging to see that the author needs only three pages to cover the losses but 29 to deal with the gains!

Leaving aside the species, such as the raven, red kite, polecat, and pine marten, which disappeared from London centuries ago, the author pinpoints the rook as one bird which has failed to adapt itself to urban life. Early this century rooks were nesting a hundred yards from Marble Arch, but they are too dependent on farmland for food and now there are no rookeries in central London.

It is a very long time since a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square, or anywhere near it, though in the 1940s it was still common in the outer environs, as, for instance, Richmond, Norwood, and Epping, and just over a hundred years ago Richard Jefferies enjoyed listening to nightingales in Surbiton.

The disappearance of otters, red-backed shrikes and wrynecks are part of a nationwide decline, the reasons for which are still controversial. In my father's day — nearly a hundred years ago — the red-backed shrike was common enough in rural Wiltshire to have a vernacular name — the "High mountain sparrow" — but I have not seen the bird for many years.

On the credit side of London's wildlife balance sheet crows, magpies, jays and starlings feature prominently. Starlings roosting on tall buildings in central London are such a well-known feature of the city that it is surprising to be reminded that the habit has developed only within the past hundred years. W. H. Hudson noted its beginnings in the autumns of 1896 and 1897.

The familiar gulls, too, first became regular winter visitors only a hundred years ago, and W. H. Hudson again observed that a severe winter (1887/1888) was largely responsible for their venturing so far up-river. A recent count of gulls in mid-winter 1983 in the London area resulted in a total of over 290,000, of which 75% were black-headed gulls. Over the past twenty or thirty years, however, herring gulls have moved in and are now nesting regularly on rooftops in Whitehall and Westminster.

When for a few years in the late 1960s I lived in London I saw kestrels regularly in Marylebone Road and Portland Place, and I knew the location of several nests on ledges of tall buildings. David Goode says there are now more than 100 pairs nesting every year within Greater London. In the 1890s W. H. Hudson was extremely pessimistic about the kestrel ever returning to London, from which it had been banished by persecution.

Of smaller birds the blackbird has, as elsewhere, become thoroughly adapted to urban life, as have hedge-sparrows (dunnocks), blue tits, great tits and greenfinches, though chaffinches seem to have declined. The increase in greenfinches is a phenomenon noticeable in almost every town and village.

Pied wagtails, which are intelligent birds (have you ever seen a pied wagtail as a road casualty? I never have!), have been quick to appreciate the advantage of cities as warm winter roosts. They now have well established roosts in plane trees, holly bushes, laurels and suchlike places in the very heart of the City. The author provides an excellent picture of wagtails roosting in a small maple tree in a shopping precinct and records that no fewer than 3,025 were counted, on a date in November 1978, going in to roost in the Civic Hall in Orpington.

David Goode naturally has much to say about urban foxes and badgers, and he notes, too, that collared doves, black redstarts and little ringed plovers have colonised the capital during the present century. What is more surprising is to find a page or so devoted to the ring-necked parakeet! "In the late 1960s," he writes, "people suddenly became aware of wild parakeets in a number of London suburbs." Now apparently they are widespread and well established as a breeding species. Out of the breeding season they collect in flocks for foraging and roosting. Obviously they originated from birds escaped from aviaries. Another unexpected colonist is the Mandarin duck, which is nesting in the wild along many of London's tributary rivers and is gradually edging its way deeper and deeper into London.

The message is encouraging. Clearly an increasing number of wild creatures is finding urban life not only supportable but even attractive, thanks to more tolerant attitudes by humans.

A COUNTRY DIARY

CHESHIRE: On the Common, the heather is in full bloom, the blackberries are ripening, and the rowans are hung with great swags of scarlet fruit. The long spell of damp weather has brought out scores of toadstools of many kinds, including tawny grisettes, yellow-capped russula claroflava with their thick white stems, funnel-shaped clitocybe flaccida and, in the oakwood, long-stemmed collybia dryophila. More attractive than these, however, were the numerous fly agarics with their scarlet caps flecked with white, the toadstools so beloved by the illustrators of fairy tales. A roadside tree-stump was completely covered by a huge colony of fan-shaped grifola gigantea comprising scores of overlapping individuals. Their short stems were so tough that a penknife was necessary to detach one of them.

Foxes continue to venture into populated areas. Recently a friend disturbed an adult specimen in his allotment close to the town centre. The animal became stuck in a narrow opening in the fence and, to my friend's great distress and before he could do anything, his dog leapt upon the fox, seized it by the back of its neck and killed it with one savage shake. The dog is a beautiful and gentle creature, a doberman-retriever cross. It had never been known to kill anything before.

The fauna and flora of inner-cities is a fascinating subject, so I was most interested to hear from a reader of a charm of goldfinches in the trees of a little garden and a pair of carrion crows on the top of a bank building in central Manchester.

L. P. Samuels

Keeping the Alliance together

The Week in Britain by James Lewis

SOCIAL Democrats went some way at their annual conference this week towards smoothing out the differences between themselves and their Alliance partners, the Liberals, on the thorny subject of nuclear defence, which suggests an awareness by both parties that this year's conferences could well be the last before a general election.

The Social Democrats, led — and largely dominated — by the former Labour Foreign Secretary, Dr David Owen, have always been in favour of an independent British nuclear deterrent and, therefore, of replacing the ageing Polaris submarine fleet. Liberals, with far more unilateralist members, want nothing to do with British nuclear weaponry even though their leader, Mr David Steel, favours a more compromising attitude in the interest of Alliance unity.

The youthful SDP, however, is growing up and learning that conferences can be stage managed. Some clever management this week ensured majority support for an Alliance commission report which simply leaves open the question of replacing Polaris pending a detailed policy agreement with the Liberals before the general election campaign.

It was not entirely to the liking of the SDP's defence spokesman, Mr John Cartwright, who did not want the question left open. "If we are seen to be putting our political interests before the defence of Britain we shall not get the confidence of the public, and nor shall we deserve it," he said. The Liberals will doubtless say something similar, if more rudely, at their conference later this month. Both sides, however, will be aware that unilateralism is less of a vote-loser than it was in 1983 and, according to the latest opinion poll, now commonds itself to 44 per cent of the electorate.

Mr Steel, in pragmatic mood, urged his SDP allies not to agonise too much over the shape of the partnership. Labour was lost irretrievably to the left; the Government exhausted and dehumanising, he said. The Alliance offered the only real choice between an unreconstructed Labour Party and a burnt-out Conservative Government.

Mrs Thatcher, perhaps also limbering up for an election, carried out a minor reshuffle of her ministerial ranks mainly designed, it seemed, to reassure the right wing of the party. Seven ministers, mostly of a dampish disposition, were dismissed; two left voluntarily, and another, Mr Peter Morrison, left ministerial office to become second deputy chairman of the Conservative Party.

The most notable promotion was that of Mrs Edwina Currie, a scolder in the Prime Minister's own image, to be Under Secretary for Health. Most of those dismissed — Timothy Raison (Foreign Office), Barney Hayhoe (Health) and George Young (Environment) — were evidently guilty of failing to "sell" some of the less popular Thatcherite policies.

Mrs Thatcher pleased her right-wingers with the announcement that British Airways is, at last, to be sold off. Sale of the airline, always viewed by the Prime Minister as an important symbol of her privatisation programme, had to be shelved earlier this year because of problems with the United States about air services agreements. But a new agreement — Bermuda Two — has been negotiated and BA will be floated on the stock market in January or February. It is expected to fetch around £800 million, which is about £200 million down on earlier estimates.

The sale is being timed to cash in on the euphoria likely to surround the November flotation of British Gas. That will be the largest privatisation of all and the Government machinery is being geared up to ensure that the flotation is as great a success as the sale of British Telecom.

The Treasury was well pleased with the August inflation figures which showed an annual rate, unchanged from July, of 2.4 per cent. This compares with an underlying rise in earnings which is still put at 7.5 per cent. There is a belated realisation, however, that different social groups experience different inflation rates. People like the low paid and pensioners, for instance, who are less likely to have cars and therefore do not benefit from lower petrol prices, claim that the prices of the goods they consume have gone by 4.6 per cent.

A force of 600 police had to be deployed to quell disturbances which broke out in the St Paul's area of Bristol in the wake of a police operation against suspected illegal trafficking in drugs and alcohol. Over a period of two days, gangs of mainly black youths used bottles, stones and knives in attacks on police and also tried to barricade a street with hijacked vehicles. Nine police officers were injured, one seriously, and 80 people were arrested.

The St Paul's area, which featured in the inner-city riots of 1981, is said by the police to account for 70 per cent of the city's total of street robberies. The deputy chief constable of Avon and Somerset, Mr Jim Sharples, said: "We have the backing of the community in St Paul's. Our action is not against them but against a lawless element which refuses to be policed."

The Government introduced a new system of fixed penalty tickets to cover 250 different motoring offences in an attempt to reduce the workload, and delay, in magistrates' courts. Until now, fixed penalties (of £10) have been restricted to parking offences. As from next month, motorists will have the choice of paying £12 for minor infringements or £24 for endorsable offences such as speeding. The amounts go up by 50 per cent if fines are unpaid after 28 days.

The extradition process was started against 26 British football supporters alleged to have been involved in rioting at the Heysel stadium in Brussels last year. All are jointly charged, under Belgian law, with the involuntary manslaughter of Mr Mario Ronchi just before the European cup final kick-off between Liverpool and Juventus. They will appear at Bow Street magistrates' court in London again in November, when it will be decided whether extradition orders against them should be heard collectively or singly.

An inquest on 55 people who died in last year's Manchester air disaster was told of the alarming speed with which fire engulfed a Boeing 737 as it was about to take off on a holiday charter flight to Corfu. The plane was nearing take-off speed when a combustion chamber exploded.

Although the plane was brought to a halt within a minute of the explosion, flames were said to have melted the skin of the Boeing in less than ten seconds. Black smoke filled the cabin and most of the dead succumbed to the toxic fumes. Questions were asked about faults — slow acceleration and slow idling — reported in the Pratt and Whitney engine two days before the disaster and about whether the plane's operators, British Airways, or the engine manufacturers had ever issued warnings that such faults could point to combustion chamber stress.

OBITUARY

Lartigue the photographer

By Michael McNay

WHEN Jacques Henri Lartigue signed his name he often added a little sun, symbol of happiness, source of light. Lartigue himself was a force of nature and his death in Nice last week at the age of 92 deprives photography of one of its great men, a snap-shooter of genius.

Theory never touched his work. Not for him the agonising over whether photography was an art. He painted as well, not too badly, not very well, and may be that got art out of his system. In any case he was only seven when he received his first camera from his father and he wrote then in the diary that he kept in conjunction with his photographs: "Photography is a magic thing."

For Lartigue, cameras never lost their magic. He was a child of rich bourgeois parents and his photography registered the leisure-time pursuits of the middle classes. He ranged through the century from sepia prints to experiments with colour, from the fashionable promenading in the Bois de Boulogne to the international art and film community of the Cote d'Azur.

It was as though Proust had been equipped with a camera, but a Proust with a family adventurous above the ordinary, flyers and motor racers. Lartigue retained the innocent eye of childhood and his camera created the myth of a world of innocence, not before the fall, because in Lartigue's world the paradise garden is never absent even if after 1939 it was not quite within camera range, but just around the corner.

In 1979 Lartigue donated his entire collection of work to the French nation, and there is a deeply impressive permanent exhibition of his photographs in the Grand Palais in Paris.

'Pathfinder' Bennett

DONALD "Pathfinder" Bennett, an outstanding figure of his generation in both military and civil aviation, died on Monday, one day after his 76th birthday.

Air Vice Marshall Bennett won the DSO after being shot down while leading a bombing attack on the German battleship Tirpitz. An expert in aerial navigation, he was appointed commander of the RAF's Pathfinder Force which flew ahead of bombers, marking routes with target flares.

Although he quarrelled with colleagues and was criticised for incurring unnecessary casualties, his drive and energy made a great contribution to the bombing offensive against Germany, particularly in improving his force's navigational standards.

Bennett, born in Queensland, Australia, played a leading part with Imperial Airways in developing Empire and Atlantic air routes. The long-distance seaplane record he set from Dundee to Alexandra Bay, South Africa, in 1938, has never been bettered.

THE WEEK

AT least 20 people died and 300 were injured in an earthquake, measuring 6.2 on the Richter scale, which shook the southern Greek port of Kalamata and surrounding villages. Officials reported that the nearby village of Eleochori was almost totally levelled, while 70 per cent of buildings in the villages of Neochori, Yiannitsa, and Yiannitsatika were damaged.

The Prime Minister, Mr Papandreou, declared the area, 150 miles south-west of Athens, a disaster zone, and began organising an airlift of doctors and medical supplies. A specialist French rescue team equipped with search dogs later joined the rescue.

More than 30 people were injured in a second tremor two days later which demolished buildings already weakened by the first shock.

TWELVE people were wounded by police fire when a crowd marched on administrative offices in Sharpeville in the Transvaal to protest at the eviction of rent defaulters. Many residents in Sharpeville and the sister townships are refusing to pay rent in protest at apartheid and local rule by the "collaborating" town council.

Tension also ran high in Soweto after weekend fighting between Zulu migrant workers and local residents left at least three people dead.

The US Secretary of State, Mr George Shultz, will visit South Africa next month, as part of a two-week tour of Africa. Eight countries, including some of the Front Line states, are expected to be on the list.

The State Department said that Mr Shultz had been anxious to visit Africa for a long time to discuss how to end apartheid and talk about the economic problems of the continent.

ALGO GUCCI, the patriarch of the Florence leather-and-accessory firm, said to be aged 85, was sentenced to one year and one day in gaol for tax evasion by a Federal Court in New York. Mr Gucci had pleaded guilty at his trial in January to failing to report at least $11.8 million in income over six years and has agreed to pay the Internal Revenue Service $7.4 million. It was assumed he would receive a suspended sentence because of his age. He will be eligible for parole after serving four months.

THE pro-Iranian Islamic Jihad (Holy War) group last week denied responsibility for kidnapping an American citizen, Frank Reed, in West Beirut. The statement was accompanied by a colour photograph of a US hostage, David Jacobsen, whom Islamic Jihad admits holding along with two other Americans — journalist Terry Anderson and university dean Thomas Sutherland.

THE Solidarity underground reader, Mr Zbigniew Bujak, released from prison last week under a new Government amnesty, said he believed the union's supporters had a chance to act openly for the first time since the declaration of martial law in 1981.

"There is a certain chance of organising open, or anyway half-open, activity in the country," Mr Bujak said. "This is a big chance for us." But, he warned: "The authorities will be demanding the complete liquidation of Solidarity organisations. They will not tolerate any open proposals from Solidarity."

VIETNAM at the weekend put casualties from last week's Typhoon Wayne at nearly 400 dead and 2,500 injured, and said it was still counting. The Vietnam News Agency said that the storm wrecked 650,000 houses and 11,000 schools and hospitals, and sank 200 boats.

AN Iraqi diplomat was killed in Karachi at the weekend when a time bomb hidden beneath the front seat of his car exploded. The Iraqi Embassy in Islamabad identified the dead diplomat as vice-consul Nhthil Abdul al Salam. Earlier in the week Iran fired a long range missile into Baghdad, hitting a poor residential area and killing 21 civilians and injuring 61 others. *(Iran prepares for final push — page 9.)*

A Libyan official was being interrogated in Pakistan at the weekend on suspicion of involvement in the hijacking of the Pan Am airliner at Karachi airport as a result of which 21 people died. The man named as Sulman al-Tarkal, was arrested when he disembarked at Islamabad airport from an internal flight coming from Karachi last Wednesday.

A BOMB went off outside a waiting room at Seoul's Kimpo international airport at the weekend killing five people and injuring 19. The authorities blamed North Korean agents, or "impure elements" acting for North Korea, for the blast. No foreigners were among the victims.

AUSTRIA'S Chancellor Franz Vranitzky announced the end of the governing coalition between his Socialist Party (SPO) and the small rightwing Freedom Party (FPO) and said there would be an early general election on November 23.

THE former Prime Minister of Greece, Mr Panayiotis Kanelopoulos, a mild-mannered historian whose caretaker government was overthrown by the 1967 colonel's coup, died last week aged 83.

COMMON MARKET foreign ministers meeting in Brussels were in disarray after failing to agree on a package of economic sanctions against South Africa. West Germany and Portugal were putting up strong opposition to including a ban on imports of coal along with the measures already agreed in principle by EEC government leaders at their Hague summit in June.

Peres-Mubarak summit came too late

By Glenn Frankel in Jerusalem

LAST week's Alexandria summit conference between Israel's Shimon Peres and Egypt's Hosni Mubarak is likely to be remembered as the summit that came too late — too late in the week to last more than 24 hours, too late in the month to entice Secretary of State George P. Shultz to attend and play the role of catalyst. And, most of all, it came too late in Peres' term in office to create the kind of momentum at home that the politically moderate Israeli premier needs to overcome the deep scepticism and disappointment about the Middle East peace process that afflict his wary countrymen.

That was the main reason why Peres and his aides had desperately sought this summit ever since he became Prime Minister two years ago. They perceived that it would not be possible to reawaken the Israeli public's dormant desire to pursue a peace settlement with its Arab foes without first thawing relations with the one former enemy that has made peace with the Jewish state.

But time has run out for Peres, as he himself acknowledged. "The only common enemy we have discovered over the last 24 hours is the shortage of time," he told reporters on Saturday after concluding the first session in five years between Israeli and Egyptian heads of state. "If we could have had a bit more time, I think we could have made more progress."

Peres was referring to the fact that the conference was limited to 24 hours because the Jewish Sabbath began on Friday night and Peres is scheduled to leave for Washington the following Monday. But he could also have been referring to the fact that he is a leader with less than five weeks to go before he must turn over his office to his rightist political rival, Yitzhak Shamir, who opposed the 1979 Camp David peace accord and is certain to take a harder line on relations with Cairo.

The meeting did succeed in formalising the new thaw in Israeli-Egyptian relations reflected in the resolution of the Taba border dispute and the return of Egypt's ambassador to Tel Aviv, both announced last week. But it also demonstrated the wide gap between the two sides on the issue that in the long term may have more influence on bilateral relations than any other — the fate of the Middle East's Palestinians.

Mubarak pushed from the start of the talks for a breakthrough on the issue of the Palestinians, 1·3 million of whom live under Israeli military occupation in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

Israeli sources said Peres refused to be pushed beyond the boundaries of his coalition agreement with the rival Likud bloc. Those boundaries included no acceptance of some sort of independent Palestinian entity and no talks with the PLO. Despite his public criticism of PLO intransigence, Mubarak, and his top foreign affairs aide, Osama Baz, contend that both the entity and the PLO are necessary components of a Palestinian solution.

Peres' refusal to "stretch" or break the pact with the Likud was deplored even by some members of his own negotiating team, who had hoped he could be pushed further by a persuasive Mubarak. Shultz's participation might have made a critical difference, they said, by pushing both leaders to compromise further.

Instead, there was a vague but optimistic communiqué and an "agreement in principle" to set up a preparatory committee to pave the way for an equally vague international conference on Middle East peace. Crucial details such as who would participate and what they would talk about were left undecided.

The tragedy, one analyst said, was that both men, given their personal choice, would like to have gone a good deal further. "The amount of resistance between these two people is minimal," said Shimon Shamir of Tel Aviv University, one of the country's leading experts on Egyptian affairs. "But Mubarak was held back by Baz and the PLO and Peres by the Likud."

The new thaw could freeze over again quickly when the Likud takes over the premiership, said Shimon Shamir, who is no relation to the Likud leader. "Shamir can destroy it very easily," he said, noting that the Likud has long opposed the concept of an international conference. "But he will be reluctant to be seen as doing it," he said. "He'll have to at least go through the motions." — *Washington Post.*

Bombers take their revenge on Paris

By Campbell Page in Paris

TERRORISTS on Monday delivered a prompt challenge to the French Government's new anti-terrorist measures when a bomb at police headquarters killed one person and wounded 51 others, three of them seriously.

Police said that one unidentified victim died in hospital several hours after the bomb shattered windows and sent plaster and masonry flying into the large central courtyard of the ornate 19th century Prefecture de Police on the Ile de la Cité.

Rescue services went on red alert after the bomb went off close to Notre Dame. The injured — 31 of them employed at the prefecture, the other 20 members of the public — were rushed to six city hospitals.

The Prime Minister, Mr Chirac, who has declared war on terrorism and promised "draconian reprisals" against its instigators, learned of the latest attack when lunching with Prince Rainier of Monaco.

An underground group demanding the release of three Arabs held in French gaols claimed *responsibility for the explosion.* In Beirut, a telephone caller claiming to speak for the Committee of Solidarity with Arab and Middle East Political Prisoners asked an international news agency to "inform (President) Mitterrand and Chirac that the next operation will be at the Elysée" (presidential palace).

Le Monde reports on the terrorist threat: 11/12/13

Monday's bomb was the fifth terrorist operation (four of them successful) mounted in the capital in the last 12 days by the solidarity committee which is pressing for the release of Georges Ibrahim Abdallah, leader of the Armed Revolutionary Lebanese Fractions.

President Mitterrand said on Monday that the struggle against terrorism was a matter for the entire country. Whoever attacks human life should be pursued ruthlessly.

France's decision to demand entry visas from all visitors except citizens of the EEC and Switzerland met some criticism. The Austrian Foreign Minister, Mr Peter Jancowitch, whose country *sends half a million* visitors to France each year, described the measure as being "unparalleled in Europe for decades".

The Swedish Foreign Minister, Mr Lennart Bodstrom, underlined the negative aspect of restricting freedom of movement, while the Moroccan embassy here understood the reason for the French action.

The EEC has responded to France's request for rapid consultations on terrorism by fixing an emergency meeting of the Community's interior ministers on September 25 when practical measures will be discussed.

- *Italy has asked France to extradite Abdallah, who is serving a four-year gaol term for arms possession. His extradition was requested on September 8 so that he could be questioned about alleged involvement in Middle East terror activities in Italy.*

Two Lebanese linked Abdallah's group, Abdullah el-Mansouri and Josephine Abdo Sarkis, were sentenced by a Trieste court in June last year to 16 and 15-year gaol terms for taking part in terrorist activities.

Opponents face Pinochet backlash

By Malcolm Coad in Santiago

PRESIDENT AUGUSTO PINOCHET of Chile last week celebrated the 13th anniversary of the military coup which brought him to power with one of his fiercest attacks yet on the Opposition, and the announcement that following last Sunday's assassination attempt against him, the Government had decided to postpone plans to allow a significant number of the country's almost 4,000 recognised exiles to return.

General Pinochet bitterly accused the non-Marxist opposition of "political corruption" by allying with Communists, and accused "naive sectors in the West" of joining in a "campaign costing millions" against his regime, aimed at "serving the expansionist interests of the Soviet Union".

Referring to the recent discovery of alleged guerrilla arsenals and last Sunday's attack, he said: "The Marxists failed in 1973 and are now trying to impose there will through a revolutionary war." But, he added, "we have won another battle."

Referring to the exiles, he said the Government had intended to make an important announcement on the situation, but this had been postponed as "there is proof of the participation in recent events of exiles who have been allowed to return".

Speaking in a televised broadcast from the Diego Portales government building, President Pinochet also announced the promulgation of a law to re-open electoral registers destroyed by the military regime after the 1973 coup.

This is the first of a series of long-awaited political laws being prepared to allow the plebiscite, planned for 1989, in which military chiefs will propose a single candidate for the next eight-year presidential term. Elections for a partially-elected Congress would follow in 1990.

President Pinochet also said that a law legalising some political parties would be on the statute book in the "first months of 1987".

A Santiago court has granted amnesties to 40 members of the armed forces and four civilians who were being investigated for their alleged part in the disappearance of 10 Communist political prisoners in the mid-1970s. Among them is a former member of the military junta, air force General Gustavo Leigh.

The 44 had been charged by investigating Judge Carlos Cerda with kidnappings, and belonging to an illegal organisation, after revelations by deserters and detainees of operations by the security services in the years after the 1973 military coup.

The son of a former Chilean ambassador in London under the Allende government is the main suspect in the hunt for the guerrillas who narrowly missed assassinating President Pinochet, government sources said.

The Secretary-General of the Government, Mr Francisco Javier Cuadra, said Mr Cesar Bunster Ariztia, son of Mr Alvaro Bunster, ambassador in London between 1970 and 1973, is accused of renting the safe house where the guerrillas prepared the ambush against the presidential motorcade, and of renting three lorries used to transport weapons and for the attackers' getaway.

Mr Alvaro Bunster, interviewed in Mexico by Radio France International, denied that his son was involved in the attempt. He described the accusation as "an attempt to cast a shadow on Chilean emigres and indirectly to get at the Mexican government".

A spokesman for the Manuel Rodriguez Patriotic Front, a gorup opposed to the military government of General Pinochet, claimed responsibility for the machine-gun attack on the general's motorcade.

The body of a journalists' leader picked up at his home by civilian agents has been found near a cemetery in northern Santiago. Police sources confirmed that Mr Jose Carrasco, a leader of the College of Journalists and foreign editor of the opposition magazine, Analisis, had been shot in the head. Analisis is one of six papers banned recently.

Sixteen other opposition political, student and other leaders are being held in Santiago after a wave of arrests.

All Moscow journalists 'potential targets'

By Martin Walker in Moscow

THE American reporter, Mr Nick Daniloff, making his first formal comments to the press since his arrest in Moscow on spying charges, said on Sunday that all journalists in the Soviet Union were potential KGB targets.

Mr Daniloff, aged 51, described his interrogation by security police during 13 days in Lefortovo prison as "mental torture".

He was seized by the KGB on August 30 shortly before completing a 5½ year assignment for US News and World Report magazine.

"What's happened to me is a problem that involves all of you," he told a large crowd of reporters who gathered at the commercial office of the US embassy to hear his story after his release from *prison on Friday night.* "All of you are potential targets for this sort of action."

Mr Daniloff repeated his conviction that he had been framed as part of a Soviet atempt to secure the release of Gennady Zakharov, a Soviet physicist arrested in New York on August 23 and charged with spying.

He stressed that he was hoping for a new diplomatic solution that *would let him return to the* US without going through the ordeal of a trial. But a straightforward exchange between Mr Zakharov and Mr Daniloff would look uncomfortably like a victory for the KGB.

"I was not cold, not hungry, and I was not abused in any physical sense," he said of his 13 days in Lefortovo. "The mere fact of being in a cell, isolated, and not allowed legal counsel, interrogated for four hours every day, is a very, very hard burden. I have to tell you that it is mental torture."

He added: "Throughout all of this interrogation I've always said that I was under no instructions from any government agency of the United States, and that all of my actions were on my own initiative or on the request of my magazine."

Voices in the dark

THE phone rings in the Guardian Moscow office at Gruzinsky Pereulok and the voice says in excitable Russian that its owner has just flown in from Georgia or Latvia or Siberia and wants to see me again and where can we meet.

In the old days, the days before Nick Daniloff found himself in Moscow's Lefortovo prison after attending such a meeting, I would have gone as soon as possible, looking forward to renewing an acquaintance and hearing some gossip and sharing a convivial meal.

These days, like all of my colleagues in the Western press in Moscow, I will be thinking twice, trying to remember the exact circumstance in which I met the caller. And I will be nagged by the seed of doubt and mistrust that the Daniloff affair has sown in all our minds.

For the moment, most of us are operating under what we call cold war rules. When we go to meet Soviet contacts, we take a colleague along, just in case. We let wives and friends know where we are going, and when we should get back. We shy away from the usual casual meeting places outside Metro stations and on favourite boulevards and try to arrange appointments in our offices, even as we know that walls have ears *and phones have tape recorders.*

The problem is that over the years, a pattern of working has been forced on the Western press in Moscow that would arouse the suspicions of even the sleepiest KGB men.

Because of our concern for our Russian friends and contacts, we are discreet in our meetings. When we go to their homes, we go by Metro, rather than in our cars with their glaringly distinctive number plates. When we invite them to our homes, which are invariably surrounded by wire fences and floodlights with a police guard on the gate, we drive them fast up to the door and rush them inside, to spare them the problems that can come from a police check on their documents.

We get phone calls that begin "Do you recognise my voice?" and go on to say that Sasha has been arrested, or that Lev has lost his job because he applied for a visa, or that Marina made the trek to the prison but was unable to see our friend.

These days, those dissident stories and contacts make up only a fraction of a journalist's work in Moscow. But ironically, the growing access that we are getting to Soviet officials and academics and the well-informed people in think-tanks has imposed another kind of caution.

If you are lucky enough to get the home phone number of one of these people, and are on good enough terms to talk frankly, rather than hear an instant replay of that day's Pravda editorial, the etiquette is that you phone from a public call box. Or you meet in private homes or over lunch, or take a stroll together.

It is not that there are secrets being conveyed, but we are still living in the shadow of an older, grimmer Soviet security system, when even to think aloud about policy options in front of a foreign journalist was to risk one's head.

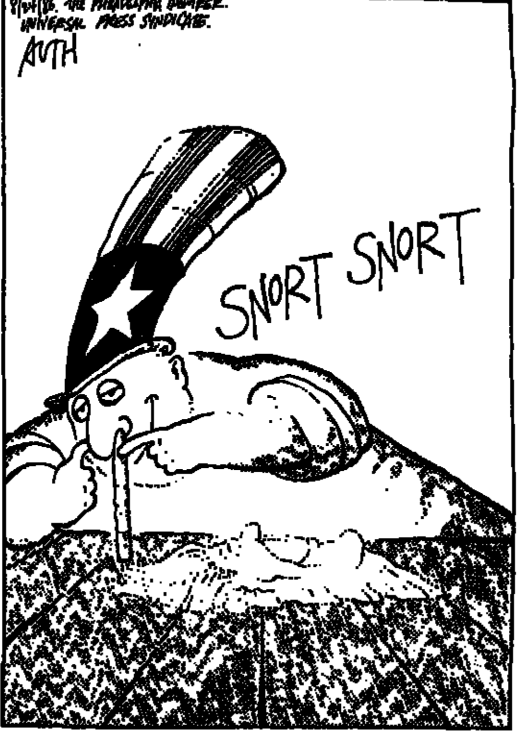
At least, we thought it was only the shadow of the bad old days, but the arrest of Daniloff means that the old nightmares are still with us. This is bad news for us journalists, but in the long run rather worse news for the Soviet system.

The growing openness and frankness that was developing between us and the Soviet policy-making establishment in the 18 months since Gorbachev came to power improved our insights into *the way the system worked,* and probably gave the Soviet Union a better international image than it has enjoyed for years.

If that process comes to a halt after the Daniloff affair, the Moscow journalism will be back to square one, translating the Soviet press conferences. In short, acting simply as conveyors for the information Moscow wishes to make known.

This, of course, may be what the KGB's heavy mob intended. There are people here who loathe the way the growing number of Western correspondents try to extend the flimsy potential of the Helsinki accords and the Soviet PR machine slowly accepts that its own increasing slickness starts to make Moscow more and more of an international news centre like any other.

We have yet to learn, and it may prove a painful process for some of us, whether the Daniloff case was a strange aberration, or the start of a new policy. For the moment, I believe it was the former, but like every Western reporter here, I am now living under cold war rules.





The Ron and Nancy anti-drug show

By Michael White in Washington

THE slender gap between America's politics and its show business shrank still further on Sunday, when Ronald and Nancy Reagan appeared together on nationwide television to rally public support in the renewed and increasingly hysterical fight against drug abuse — hours after the First Lady had admitted that her own children had smoked a little dope in college.

It was their first scripted appearance together in a substantial work since Hellcats of the Navy (1955). As such, it received a one star rating in the New York Times TV guide — along with a repeat of Walt Disney's Dumbo (1941), Winds of War, and a new film about General George Patton (also one star), all of which the Reagans displaced for 30 minutes of prime time on the three main networks.

The broadcast was the high point to date of the five-year crusade against drugs by which Mrs Reagan has established herself as a serious presidential consort rather than a mere clothes horse.

But in recent months the field has been crowded by public figures, from her husband downwards, anxious to make sure that America's affluent middle class does not hold them responsible for the supposed cocaine epidemic at November's mid-term elections.

Like Colonel Gadafy, or Nicaragua, the current frenzy has the air about it of a brief interlude, after which the professionals will be left to struggle on with the problem much as before.

But, inasmuch as it had a starting point, it was the cocaine-related deaths of two brilliant young athletes, basketball star, Len Bias, and Don Rogers of the Cleveland Browns football team. The deaths overwhelmed statistics suggesting that the overall drug problem is no worse, and may even be slightly improved.

The media, however, has alighted upon "crack", the fashionably new and inexpensive way to forget 1986 for a while, as a major front-page story. Police and politicians have not been far behind in getting their share of the action.

Only last Thursday, the Democrat-controlled House of Representatives passed a bill over liberal protests about civil rights which would deploy a decidedly reluctant Pentagon in pursuit of drug-traffickers from Latin America, and allow the use of illegally obtained evidence in some cases and the death penalty in others.

Doubts on role of Pretoria's youth camps

By David Beresford in Johannesburg

CONCERN about South Africa's so-called reabsorption camps which provide "education" courses for youths on their release from detention, increased sharply this week with allegations that they are being used to recruit police informers, being run by well-known rightwingers, and that they make be linked with the state security apparatus.

The white parliamentary opposition, the Progressive Federal Party, which is investigating the camps, is expressing suspicion that they are being run by the country's "Joint Management Committees" — regional organisations falling directly under the control of the powerful State Security Council and made up of senior army and police officers as well as local business and community leaders.

Former detainees who have attended the camps have also claimed that they have been taught to identify specific weapons during the "courses," apparently to help them work as informers. The allegations have all been denied by the authorities.

The Joint Management Committees have been set up as part of a "national security management system" to recommend action in dealing with security problems, ranging from specific action by police or troops to the upgrading of living conditions. Little is known about their operations, but leaked documents disclosed recently that they were involved in attempts to break the township rent boycotts, which have become a major headache for Government.

A black Johannesburg newspaper, the City Press, reported at the weekend that the camps were being run by a Pretoria "consultancy" headed by two academics, one of whom was described as a leading "back room strategist" in the ruling National Party, with known rightwing and Defence Force connections.

The newspaper also claimed that *the camps may account for the fact* that the names of thousands of people who have gone missing in South Africa are absent from lists of detainees issued by the Government. It suggested that, because attendance at the camps is theoretically voluntary, they have been left off the lists.

The Deputy Minister of Education, Mr Sam de Beer, said in a statement last week, that "for a number of years" his department had been offering courses "as part of its normal programmes of youth activities." The youth of many detainees prompted the department "to extend to them an offer to voluntarily attend such courses after their release."

Mr de Beer said the courses had no "political component" and those attending were free to withdraw at any time. Minors were admitted only with the written permission of their parents or guardians.

A spokesman for the department handling black education said the camps were designed to ease detainees' way back to freedom. Mr Job Shoeman said: "There's nothing sinister about it. I know some people think we may be involved in brainwashing and indoctrination, but that is far from the truth." Department officials said that they were trying to arrange media access to the camps. They said there were "five or six" camps around the country.

An alleged member of the African National Congress, described as one of the 10 most wanted men in South Africa, has been shot dead in custody. Jacob Mahlangu was killed by detectives on Thursday night while handcuffed and shackled after allegedly snatching a gun and opening fire on his police escort. He was arrested on Wednesday.

Police said Mahlangu was guiding them to arms caches and accomplices in a township near Pretoria when he grabbed a revolver from a detective's holster and began firing. A second detective shot him dead.

Mahlangu was said to have been positively implicated in at least 17 crimes, including two murders and several armed robberies. He was alleged to have confessed that he was a member of the ANC.

Figures released last week suggest that nearly half South Africa's working population may be unemployed. Sociologists at the University of the Witwatersrand described their figures as conservative and claimed that the true unemployment figure for South Africa was between 4.2 and 6 million. The most recent government figure was 519,000.

Bad mood in Nato

By David Fairhall in Oslo

GENERAL Bernard Rogers, Nato's Supreme Commander in Europe, said last week that he had never known as much antipathy within the Atlantic alliance as had been generated by President Reagan's appeal for allied help in dealing with Colonel Gadafy, and by the US Administration's desire not to be bound by the provisions of the Salt II nuclear arms control agreement. But after seven years in the European command, he said he felt able to explain one side of the alliance's concern to the other.

General Rogers was speaking near Oslo towards the end of a big Nato reinforcement exercise involving US, British and Dutch amphibious forces.

Asked whether he anticipated a partial withdrawal of US troops from Europe, he said he did not expect them to remain in their present strength for ever. The danger, he said, was that the withdrawal might take place overnight, prompted by a congressional amendment, which would merely help the Soviet Union in its long-term policy of using military strength to blackmail West Europeans politically.

Referring to the need to control the Baltic Straits, the US General poured scorn on opposition parties in Denmark and West Germany which have recently argued the case for a "defensive defence" that would not involve aggressive counter-attacks and deep strikes behind enemy lines.

Without naming the two countries, he said it was "stupid and naive" to imagine that the Warsaw Pact countries could be deterred by assuring them they would never be attacked on their own territory.

A Royal Navy amphibious force led by the assault ship Intrepid and supported by chartered ferries and naval logistics ships has taken part in Exercise Northern Wedding, putting British and Dutch marines ashore in the Norwegian fjords near Oslo to practice their reinforcement role on Natos northern flanks.

General Rogers praised the marines' contribution, and said he hoped the British Government would maintain amphibious forces by replacing the assault ships Fearless and Intrepid, or at least refurbishing them.

The present Defence Secretary, Mr George Younger, has indicated that he intends to maintain some amphibious capability, but he has not yet announced what package of ships he proposes for this purpose in the 1990s.

The Nato Supreme Commander also used his Norwegian press conference to explain how he would like the alliance to handle the contentious issue of a European anti-ballistic missile defence system as an adjunct to the American Star Wars programme.

He said he believed Europe needed its own system to counter shorter-range Soviet missiles like the SS21, 22 and 23, all of which would soon be deployed forward with more accurate conventional as well as nuclear warheads. But he said it was pointless for the United States to try to impose such a system on its European allies.

Schmidt warns of SDI peril

By Victoria Pope in Bonn

THE former West German Chancellor, Mr Helmut Schmidt, in a farewell speech to Parliament last week, warned that President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative would dangerously escalate the arms race.

Mr Schmidt said that the development and deployment of anti-missile weapons in space would compel the Soviet Union to counter with their own SDI. "Here a new arms race is waiting to get its starting signal," he said. "But only a dreamer can believe you can arms race the Soviet Union to death."

Mr Schmidt also said that SDI would do nothing to protect Europe from their most immediate nuclear threat, the Soviet Union. "Technically there will be no defence system to protect us from nuclear medium range and short range missiles, which are deployed on European territory and which are directed by Europeans against Europeans."

He sharply took issue with a decision by the Bonn Government to participate in SDI research and asked: "Why don't you put the SDI issue and the arms reduction issue at the top of the agenda for the Alliance (Nato)?"

Of relations between Washington and the Government of his successor, Chancellor Helmut Kohl, he said: "He who gives the impression of having no objection to the status of protected dependent should not be surprised if he is treated that way."

Mr Schmidt criticised pressure from the top echelon of the Reagan Administration for West Germany to act as a "locomotive" to stimulate the world economy. He said that the US was failing to face the real villain — its budget deficit — which he called a danger to world economies.

Mr Schmidt has announced that he will retire after the national election in January. His political fortunes turned decisively in 1982 when the liberal Free Democrats ended a 13-year coalition with the Social Democratic Party (SPD) to ally with the conservative Christian Democrats following devisive fighting within the SPD over the deployment of new US missiles in West Germany, which the former Chancellor supported.

Top laser scientist quits

By Mark Tran in Washington

THE Star Wars scientific fraternity has lost one of its brightest sparks. Mr Peter Hagelstein, "a moody brooding genius" and inventor of the X-ray laser, has walked out of the programme.

Mr Hagelstein, aged 32, gave no public explanation for his resignation from the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, California, the nerve centre of American space weapons research, to become associate professor at the Massachussetts Institute of Technology. However, he never appeared comfortable with his work.

In his book "Star Warriors," Mr William Broad writes: "Peter was the brains behind the group's most dazzling success in the world of nuclear design. His triumph had come at a price, however.

"In the course of his work, Peter's girlfriend had denounced him and the whole profession of weapons design. Peter, not just a technologist but also a pianist and devotee of French literature, had listened to little but requiems by Brahms, Verdi and Mozart after they broke up."

Mr Hagelstein's departure from the Star Wars priesthood is the most notable defection from the ranks yet. But it is not the first and will certainly sharpen already deep splits within the scientific community.

Although many Livermore scientists believe the programmes to be "intrinsically foolish," said one physicist, Mr Hugh de Witt, "the lab is benefiting right now and will continue to benefit, and everybody's rather happy with marvellous new work."

In Mr Hagelstein's case, he went to Livermore wanting to develop X-ray laser for medical purposes but got his arm "twisted" into working on weapons research.

California learns to live without the work ethic

By Alex Brummer

CALIFORNIA, America's richest, most populous and economically important state, still arouses strong hostility among East Coast intellectuals who steadfastly refuse to grasp its virtues.

"I could live in California," a distinguished Washington journalist told us before the family embarked on a month's sojourn in Montecito (bang next door to Santa Barbara) "for a month." When we returned to the nation's capital singing California's praises, from its almost ideal climate to the blue Pacific and spectacular landscapes, a historian friend barked back "give me New York anytime" with amazing ferocity. No comparison had been asked for.

Such sharp responses, however, fail to recognise the economic, intellectual, social, political and even cultural realities of what the West Coast has become. It has managed to assume these leadership burdens without weighing itself down with the East coast buttoned down, protestant work ethic.

Californians somehow instinctively know when to take off their ties and corsets and unwind — except when they are on the freeways.

The Californian achievement is routinely dismissed on the East Coast. Relaxing in the jacuzzi with a bottle of Santa Ynez Valley Gamay is seen as a wacky way to behave: even though it is wonderfully relaxing. As a result, Californians are regularly dismissed as "air heads" immersed in a hedonistic-materialistic life style whose only interest in literature is the chance to read about macrobiotic cooking.

Like most stereotypes this one badly misses the mark. California has become the testing ground for new ideas and demographics and it is the loss of hegemony which seems to rankle on the East Coast.

Sitting, as it does, at the edge of the Pacific rim, California is uniquely connected to the fastest growing economic region in the world. The until recently robust US dollar and voracious American appetite for capital (to finance the budget deficits) have made the West Coast both a highly attractive market for the Japanese, Taiwanese, South Koreans et al, and an obvious base to set up their manufacturing and distribution.

The economic pull from the Pacific rim is starting to have its impact on Californian politics. Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles, who is seeking (a second time) to become the nation's first black governor since Reconstruction, is currently in the uncomfortable position of having to adjudicate between blacks and Asians on the city council.

The movement of large numbers of Asians, including Koreans, Vietnamese and Filipinos, into the region has led to a search for greater political clout to match their economic enterprise. This the blacks fear will come at their expense.

The Los Angeles dispute over representation is precursor of similar battles which are likely to be fought over the country, particularly in the sunbelt, as new waves of Central American and Asian immigrants take up residence. The melting pot (like so much else) has moved from New York and Boston to Los Angeles and Houston.

The demographic changes stemming from sharing land and sea borders with an emergent Third World illustrate the pivotal importance which California now exercises in the US's social and political development.

While Washington debates economic sanctions against South Africa and President Reagan chops wood on his ranch, the Californian legislature in Sacramento — with the support of its Reaganaut governor, George Deukmejian — votes to divest itself of all its $11 billion of holdings in the apartheid regime. Not bad moral leadership for a state where by reputation the hot tubs melt the brain cells.

This is not to suggest by any means that California has a monopoly on moral fibre, particularly when the problems are closer to home. During our stay, the Santa Barbara city council, which has done a remarkable job in matching adobe and red-tiled roof architecture to its hilly seascape, creating a Mediterranean effect, paid dearly for a little overzealousness.

In the same way as it refuses to despoil its waterfront with the debris of high rise condominiums and the garish signs which have turned so much of Florida into an abomination, it has been showing the same intolerance to people.

Santa Barbara's beaches, green lawns bordered by flowering bourgainvillaea and seafront benches under the shade of the palms, are a wonderful place to bed down — much to the delight of the homeless who have few shelters to retreat to in the city.

The council, in its wisdom, decided to ban sleeping out. After all, if city ordinances can keep the condominiums away they can certainly handle a few beach bums. They counted without, however, their most illustrious resident, Ronald Reagan. He both helped create the homeless problem, then made it worse.

The Reagan years have seen a surge in homelessness directly traceable to the administration's effort to slash the role of the federal government in everything but the national defence.

Mr Reagan made matters worse through the simple act of having a ranch near Santa Barbara.

By word association, homeless, Reagan, and Santa Barbara have all come to mean the same. So when the city council met in August to repeal its outdoor sleeping ordinance it did so under the glare of international publicity. If the cameras had only hung around a few more hours, when the chambers were as empty as usual, they would have discovered that while the outdoor sleeping order was repealed it largely confined the homeless to under the freeways and outlawed garbage can rummaging for food. If you can't throw them out, starve them out.

This is the sort of thing which might have attracted the President's attention, given his tendency to reach out and phone someone when he sees a wrong which needs righting. After all, while we were in California, he took time out from his brush clearing to ring an old girlfriend in Carmel, the syrupy Doris Day, to assure her that Lucky — a presidential pooch evicted from the White House for misbehaving — was doing well on the ranch.

Miss Day, who has become an animal freak, has been near mental breakdown ever since Mr Reagan moved Lucky from the White House and threatened to turn him on Colonel Gadafy. Larry Speakes assured us that no such call to the city council, on behalf of the homeless (they are only people anyway) interrupted the breakfast of blueberry muffins and the oak cutting ceremonies.

Meanderings, such as these, may lead some people to believe that California does, after all, turn the brain to jelly. But after a week in the damp of Harvard Yard anyone would be yearning for the palm trees and even the homeless (at least they are warm) again.

Iran prepares for the final push

By David Hirst in Beirut

Iranian ground forces took Faw in February and still hold it. Now Iran threatens a "final offensive" with Basra considered a likely target.

Iraq pounded the Kharg Island oil depot with 120 sorties in 12 months. Iran ferried its oil south to Sirri so foreign ships could load safely.

Iraq's attack on Sirri Aug. 12 showed it could threaten all points in the Persian Gulf. The Iraqi jets probably were refueled in flight.

Iran in mid-August attacked oil tankers on the Arab side of the Gulf near Dubai. Insurance rates are climbing and the oil flow is threatened.

THE WASHINGTON POST

RECENTLY, the People's Mujahideen, the Iranian opposition movement, broadcast accusations that, in their current built up to the "final" offensive of the Gulf War, the Khomeini regime has conscripted 30,000 teachers, causing such chaos in the school system that, in some parts of the country, classes have been reduced to five hours a week. They broadcast it from their new Iraqi headquarters.

The Baghdad media eagerly take up such charges, calculated to expose the repression, terror and coercion to which the "filthy Persian despots" are reduced in order to sustain their "mad aggressive war". And only three weeks ago, the Iraqis learned, from a rare interview in which he talked about himself to the newspaper Athaurah, that President Saddam Hussein has resolutely forbidden anyone under the age of 18 from volunteering to go to the front. He wanted it to be known that "the only two Iraqis I have sent to the front under that age are my sons Kosai and Odai". His conscience would not permit otherwise.

There is certainly a great deal of moral pressure, and probably coercion, brought to bear on Iranians to "volunteer," but there is also a great deal of genuine fervour. There is no reticence on the part of the authorities to dramatise the sheer scale of the mobilisation, and few inhibitions about their anxious families with authentic, spontaneous media coverage when the "volunteers" go into action. Iranian television literally goes into battle with the infantry, incurs its own extraordinarily high number of martyrs — and produces some of the most vivid war footage ever recorded.

The recent despatch of such crews to the front is but one more sign persuading Pentagon analysts that the biggest offensive of the six-year-old struggle is at hand. They have spotted them on their satellite screens.

The complete opposite is true of Iraq, and the contrast explains, perhaps more clearly than anything else, why, after its initial thrust into Iranian territory, Saddam's army, for all its vast superiority in weaponry, has suffered a slow, remorseless erosion of its whole position: why it was driven out, blow by ineluctable blow, first from Iranian soil, then in the face of Iran's offensive, from some of its own territory. It is also why, two weeks ago, it was dislodged from some strategic heights in the Kurdish far north and from a key radar platform in the Gulf. And it explains why, when the massed ranks of army, revolutionary guards and irregulars hurl themselves against one of the most expensive, elaborate and sophisticated defences ever constructed — line on line of fortifications, dykes, minefields, inflammable barriers and electrified trenches — they may, this time, achieve that critical breakthrough that will bring Iraq to its knees. Pentagon analysts, who have always tended to underestimate Iran's will and ingenuity in the face of daunting obstacles, no longer discount it.

What all Iraqis must be thinking about, upon hearing of that heinous conscription of 30,000 Iranian teachers, is their own university students — all 250,000 of them — who have been similarly conscripted, and about the ominous significance of so drastic a step which their Government does not announce, let alone dramatise as Iran would surely have done, but surreptitiously contrives.

"After the end of year exams," said a recent visitor to Iraq, "the authorities told the students that they would not get their results until they had done a course of military training. They were all packed off to five camps around the country. Now they have learned that the universities will only reopen on February 16, 1987." All their teachers up to the age of 45 have gone with them.

"You hear almost nothing official about this — only vague references to students taking up arms to defend the country, and occasional interviews with a teacher at one of the camps declaring, enthusiastically, that this was a unique experience in Iraq and the entire Third World — rubbish like that. You have to lie to survive in Iraq: I did it myself before I left."

The standard of training improvised on such a vast scale is apparently as low as one might expect, and last year's graduates from the military academy are reportedly responsible for much of it. But lack of preparation is no reason why, if need be, the cream of Iraqi youth will not be despatched to the front in a desperate bid to stem an Iranian breakthrough.

As for Saddam's two sons, Kosai is at least symbolically present in a camp at Takrit. "The last time I saw Odai," said the visitor to Iraq, "he was going to play tennis with a 20-man bodyguard. I had to shut up my wife when she expressed her astonishment that he was carrying his own racket."

Iraq already has an estimated one million men under arms, and, fighting a defensive war on its own territory, it would have no manpower problem if their morale were no more than reasonable. But everything suggests that it has reached its lowest ever. The turning point was the army's inability to drive the Iranians out of the Faw peninsula — something which Saddam had commanded it to do "at all costs" — followed by the fiasco of Mehran. In a classic case of short-term political expediency prevailing over military common sense, Saddam ordered the army to reoccupy this Iranian border town as a bargaining counter for Faw. When it did so — Mehran being scarcely defended — he held victory celebrations in Baghdad. Inevitably, Iran recaptured it six weeks later: reports say the Iraqis surrendered with hardly a fight.

The discontent reaches into the innermost circles of power. Saddam is its prime object. A constant flow of reports from the Arab world's most ferocious dictatorship circulates among the Iraqi diaspora — it now numbers up to 800,000 in Iran, the Arab world and Europe — and there are at least two different versions of just what happened to Omar Haza'a.

People who, like Saddam, hail from the provincial town of Takrit, up the Tigris from Baghdad, command special access to power and privilege. They are the nobility of Baathism. Among these, Haza'a is — or was — a prince of the blood, being a member of the select Beijat clan and honoured for the role he played, as the commander of the Baghdad district, in the Baathist seizure of power in 1968.

Takritis do of course fall from favour, and a few have been murdered, but, on the whole, Saddam treats them with a restraint that is unnecessary for the rest of the population. Thus his three half-brothers, Barzan, Sib'awi and Wathban, who were stripped of their posts at the head of the secret police, are still alive, confined to their palaces in Takrit: they command a continued influence that Saddam cannot but respect.

Haza'a, a heavy drinker, took to cursing Saddam, the war, and the hatred and peril into which it has brought the Takritis. Upon hearing of this Saddam went to Takrit, summoned the clans, and told them: I have given you all you have and this is my reward? An eyewitness reports that the Haza'a residence in an exclusive district of Baghdad has been demolished — this being a standard punishment, copied from the Israelis, that Saddam reserves for "traitors" and reports say that his mansion at Al-Ojja, near Takrit, where top Baathists have country palaces, has been bulldozed into the Tigris. Haza'a, one of his sons, and a son-in-law have disappeared.

This is the moderate version of what happened to Haza'a. The extreme one, which, given Saddam's record, is nonetheless, barely less credible, is hair-raising. "Now," said a veteran Saddam-watcher, "the Takritis know that they are not immune to his rages."

One institution in which Saddam goes to extreme lengths to guard against defeatism is the army. I tis three years since the formation of the notorious execution brigade, generally stationed just behind the front line, which summarily despatches "backsliders" — those who exhibit lack of enthusiasm for the war — and "cowards" — those who run away, or simply retreat under overwhelming enemy pressure.

Since the relative stabilisation of the fronts, it has become very difficult for Iraqi soldiers to cross the lines the way they used to, but estimates put the number of deserters hiding in Iraq itself at up to 35,000.

It all adds up, Iraqi exiles believe, to a powder keg which the next Iranian offensive might ignite. "In a curious way," said a refugee recently arrived in Beirut, "our people are looking forward to the Iranian offensive. It could bring their agony to an end.

"We don't want Khomeini" — it is an educated Shi'ite speaking — "but we can't take any more of Saddam. Where they can, our soldiers are making surrender pacts. The government knows it. It even tries to stop them wearing white underwear. But the apparatus of terror is breaking down." He should know: of his eight conscripted brothers, four have been killed.

There is something profoundly unreal, hallucinatory about the Gulf situation. The official Iraqi view of itself — secure against all that Iran can throw at it — permeated through much of the Arab world: in the Gulf and Jordan, Iraqi defeats are portrayed more like victories. The unreality is sustained in spite, or no doubt because, of the realisation that if Saddam cannot withstand the Iranian onslaught, the consequences are liable to be perhaps the greatest upheaval in the Middle East since the creation of the state of Israel.

Britain's defence and the next election

THE delegates all held their yellow cards loyally in the air in the end. But there was no mistaking the sense of unease which preceded the mostly unanimous votes. The Social Democrats, debating defence policy at their Harrogate conference, know now that their relationship with the Liberals will be on the line when their Alliance partners debate the same issue at Eastbourne next week. They know, too, that their debate was not just about the defence issue, important though that is. It was implicitly about something much wider — the nature of the relationship with the Liberals — and, as some speakers dared to say, it was about Dr Owen's leadership of the party, too. The question for Eastbourne now is: how far are the Liberals prepared to be pushed by the SDP leader?

This conclusion does not necessarily imply criticism of Dr Owen. It merely acknowledges the extend to which he dominates his own party and, less certainly, the Alliance. He did not speak in Sunday's debate but he was nevertheless the focus of it. It is because Dr Owen has decided that this is his issue and that his party and his allies must accommodate themselves to his fertile judgements about defence that this debate was taking place at all. The SDP leader believes that the Conservatives will try to blow Labour out of the water on defence during the next election campaign. He thinks they will succeed, like they did in 1983. This time, he argues, will be the Alliance's opportunity to make massive advances, exploiting Labour's discredit and the Tories' unpopularity. But it will only work if the Alliance has bolted its line firmly together in advance. Hence Dr Owen's repeated pressure on his more circumspect colleagues. Hence his recent trip to France and Brussels with Mr David Steel, designed to show Alliance voters that there is an Anglo-French future and that it works. Hence, even at the eleventh hour, his remarks in Harrogate on Saturday about Trident replacement.

Now Dr Owen has his victory, formidably won. But it has been won at a price. Clever conference management by the SDP leadership minimised the opportunities for divisive votes. But the upshot was that the SDP adopted motions which are, on the face of it, contradictory in the emphasis which they attach to the joint Alliance commission document rather than to the SDP's own more hawkish 1985 conference policy. And, by what looked like a 5:1 majority, they threw out an olive branch amendment from Glasgow North emphasising those policies most likely to attract the Liberals. It may in the end be no bad thing that the conference has entrusted its leader with so much freedom to interpret party policy. Dr Owen has managed to make the running pretty effectively up to now. But a lot now rests on the mood of the Liberals. Depending on the reaction at Eastbourne, the SDP may regret not having spelled out more clearly the limits beyond which it refuses to go.

But there is a wider doubt. The latest CND/Gallup poll identifies it very clearly. Over the years, unilateralism has been a minority conviction, supported by about a quarter of the population. The CND poll, though, shows unilateralist support at 44 per cent, against 46 per cent opposed and 10 per cent don't knows. That's a big shift. It could be important and it needs to be understood. Combine it with a 3:1 majority opposing the European bomb option and you must begin to wonder whether Dr Owen may have got it wrong. Public opinion may not be as irredeemably committed to a British finger on the trigger as Dr Owen assumes. Retention of Polaris may not be such a copper-bottomed vote winner, after all. A party leader who appears wedded to maintaining the independent nuclear deterrent under all foreseeable circumstances may not be as popular a party leader as he supposes. Dr Owen has won admiration for his determination to face facts in a realistic and undogmatic way, especially over defence. The Gallup poll is a fact, too, and the Alliance would do well to face it.

For in a wider poll about voting intentions the Alliance now stands at 24 per cent compared with 36 per cent this time last year. After a successful conference season last year it looked well placed to consolidate at that level for some time. But that hasn't happened. The Alliance has sunk back gradually but consistently over the intervening months so that, at least for the present, the country has a two and two thirds party political contest once again, not the three party race of autumn 1985. That could change, of course; the bedrock of support remains over 20 per cent and there was more hopeful news for the delegates in local and parliamentary by-elections. But the SDP activists cannot assume it will change by magic.

The key to the Alliance's current showing is the relative recovery of the Labour Party. In 1981, the year it was founded, the SDP saw itself as the natural alternative to a Labour Party that had lost the will and the right to govern. But Mr Neil Kinnock has pulled his party a long way round since then. For the moment he dominates both his party and the trades unions. Many of the voters who abandoned Labour in 1983 for the Alliance have returned to their earlier loyalty. Meanwhile, the Alliance has become increasingly an alternative not to Labour but to the Conservatives. It is Mrs Thatcher, not Mr Kinnock, whose dogmatism offers the Alliance its best chance of electoral success. Several of the Social Democrats who left Labour in 1981 are uneasily aware that they may have bought the wrong ticket after all. As long as Mr Kinnock keeps it up — and his big test on defence has yet to come — it is going to be difficult for the SDP and the Alliance to think buoyantly in terms of government.

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The price of oil

Continued from page 1

allowed to reflect the true extent of the recent fall in oil prices. It is a rigged market. And quite properly so, because questions of long-term security are involved. You don't cut your coal industry in half just because oil prices have fallen temporarily by that amount.

Why should not similar considerations of national security also obtain abroad? Britain is the only major industrialised economy which is self-sufficient not just in oil but in energy generally. It is not at all clear that the cheap oil policy which the Government has embraced with such enthusiasm is in our best long-term interests. It certainly hasn't, at least not yet, brought the much vaunted revival of world economic activity. The present policy of acquiescing in low oil prices and at the same time maximising production makes the coal industry much less competitive in the short run (thereby increasing subsidies), diminishes government oil revenues, and will inevitably run down our finite reserves in the North Sea much quicker than otherwise. This will hasten the day when Britain's oil runs out, leaving us that much more dependent on the Middle East, which is unlikely (as the worsening turn of the Iran/Iraq war testifies almost daily) to be as stable or as friendly as it is now. We haven't reached a plateau of stretching stability; we are merely poised uneasily on a narrow ledge.

The penny dropped in America when oil prices threatened recently to go below $10 a barrel (compared with $14.60 last week) at which level a wave of bankruptcies would have swept the oil-producing states of the US and oil exploration would have ground to a halt in most of the non-Opec world. This would have ensured the cartel's dominance for years to come. That was part of what the (earlier) Opec price cuts were all about.

Norway has now put a cat among the pigeons. It has not actually cut oil production (which is mainly in the hands of the international oil companies) but it has started stockpiling the oil it gets by way of a royalty, enabling exports to be cut by 10 per cent. This puts great pressure on Opec to extend its own — so far successful — agreement to restrain production. That agreement is due to expire at the end of October. But Norway's gesture is for November and December. The success of restraint would have made it highly likely that Opec (subject to its own convoluted politics) would extend the experiment anyway. But the fact that at long last one European country has finally responded to its pleas for matching restraint makes it even more likely. If Opec leaves Norway stranded now it can hardly expect a favourable response in future. The move and what flows from it is deeply significant.

Where does this leave Britain? No-one is suggesting that Mr Nigel Lawson fills out an application form to join Opec. But the Chancellor should ask himself whether Britain's interests as an energy conglomerate are best served by low oil prices (or a totally agnostic stance towards them). The alternative is to stabilise prices (somewhere between, say, $15 and $20 a barrel) at a level which encourages exploration in non-Opec countries, gives indebted oil producers revenue to pay their debts and the rest of the world stability instead of prices which fluctuate unpredictably between $10 and $30 a barrel. It is a sobering thought that if Saudi Arabia pursued Mr Lawson's policy (of maximising production) then such is its formidable surplus capacity that prices would fall so far below $10 a barrel as to wipe out the North Sea as a viable proposition. There is more, much more, to energy policy than pile it high and sell it cheap and if we don't heed the signals now, we shall surely repent at leisure.

Miss Bhutto's brick wall

WHEN Miss Benazir Bhutto flew back from exile to Pakistan, a heady few days after the democratic thriller in Manila, anything seemed possible. A million people turned out spontaneously and joyously to welcome her to Lahore. She demanded elections. Surely, it seemed, she would overwhelmingly win those elections. But then reality seeped back. General Zia-ul-Haq, over nine amazingly adroit years, had proved a nonpareil political operator in military uniform. His skills had not deserted him. He didn't panic publicly. He merely absorbed the Bhutto demonstration and let any elections plod into the mists of the nineteen-nineties. The next move was left to Miss Bhutto. She organised a nationwide day of action and dissent. It was ruthlessly suppressed. She, and the opposition leaders who matter, were locked away. The big day lost its impact.

Last week the prison doors swung open. Miss Bhutto is free again and so, interestingly, are her key supporters. A mini-summit of Pakistan opposition leaders discussed — pretty inconclusively — the next steps on a road to nowhere very certain. Miss Bhutto has set a deadline of this weekend for Zia to grant instant democracy or face renewed trouble in the streets. But, since he coped so easily with the last trouble on the streets, it is difficult to see him trembling. The Aquino parallel has virtually vanished. Miss Bhutto knows that she is the leader Pakistan would choose if a choice was on offer. But the present leader of Pakistan is offering nothing, and the fissiparous political legions behind Miss Bhutto are clearly in no mood for the kind of bloody uprising that might change his mind. So what does Benazir do next?

She has two paths open, and neither is very attractive. One is to plough on regardless. Foment rebellion. Organise strikes and marches. Hope that a belated groundswell of rugged activism will shake Zia and bring dismay amongst the Punjabi army officers who are the props of his power. In short, try the tactics which brought low her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, and gave Zia his own opportunity. But there is one terrible snag to such a strategy — quite apart from the manifest lack of enough determined street fighters. The democrats — in Pakistan history — only get their chance when the army is so discredited that it voluntarily passes the buck of governance. Zia has not reached that pass yet. And, even if he had, there seem plenty of alternative generals who would step in to depose him, take the reins, promise elections at a later date, and merely leave Miss Bhutto with another dictator to deal with.

The other route may appeal even less to a leader of Benazir Bhutto's fiery, impatient temperament. It is simply to pause and retreat to the high moral ground. Zia has promised a proper poll in three years or so. Miss Bhutto is the only political leader who matter nationally. Very well. She is 33; she can wait.

Rationally, on all the evidence of a long, hot Pakistan summer, a retreat to the high ground is the only policy that makes sense. But it will not be easy, especially for Miss Bhutto. Yet how else is Pakistan to contrive its next fling with democracy? Sooner or later the endless alternations of military dictatorship and civilian rule will have to come to an end. They don't fit, any longer, with the growing economic maturity of the country, and with all the opportunities for prosperity that stability would bring. But the ultimate test for Pakistan is not simply to call an election which allows Miss Bhutto a few years in the sun. It is to ensure a permanent transition of power which allows other politicians to follow Miss Bhutto. And that, it seems, will not be won on the street just yet.

UK moves to curb acid rain

By John Ardill and Jonathan Steele

A £600 million scheme to reduce the emission of sulphur from three of Britain's largest coal-burning power stations was announced in London last week as the Prime Minister left on a visit to Norway.

Norway has repeatedly protested to Britain at the amount of acid rain which falls as a result of pollution from British power stations and Mrs Thatcher obviously hoped that the gesture would help provide a favourable atmosphere for her two-day visit.

The first of the three power stations to be fitted with flue gas desulphurisation plants on a programme from 1988 to 1997 is likely to be the newest 2,000 megawatt unit, Drax B, in Yorkshire. Those likely to follow are Fiddlers' Ferry, in Cheshire, and Burton West, in Staffordshire. The scheme involves building a small chemical plant next to each power station. Coupled with plans to fit filters to all new power stations, the programme aims to reduce Britain's sulphur emissions by 14 per cent by 1997.

A final decision to clean up these three coal-fired stations still awaits the results of studies by the Royal Society and the Norwegian and Swedish Academies of Science which are due next spring.

The plan falls short of the aims endorsed by the "30 Per Cent Club" of European states for a cut by that amount over the next seven years from the level of emissions as they stood in 1980. British officials claim that the 1980 starting date is arbitrary.

The announcement was attacked by Labour and environmental groups as "too little too late", and no more than an admission of guilt over Norwegian acid rain problems. Dr David Clark, Labour's natural environment spokesman, said, "This is a clumsy announcement and I'm quite sure no one will be taken in by it, especially the Scandinavians.

"The Government ought to take a bold step towards the ban by supporting the draft EEC directive of a 60 per cent reduction in acidic emissions. That is the only way we can protect our own environment and that of the Scandinavians."

Mrs Gro Harlem Brundtland, Norway's socialist Prime Minister, welcomed with reservations Britain's announcement of new controls of sulphur dioxide emissions. She also said Norway's decision to cut oil exports later this year would help Britain by stabilising prices, and ought not to be seen as a negative move.

Both she and Mrs Thatcher, at separate press conferences, tried to appear conciliatory after two days of talks which clearly failed to narrow the gap between them, and an evening of violent demonstrations on Thursday.

Mrs Brundtland said that she had apologised to her guests for the disruption caused by the clashes between police and demonstrators on Thursday night which delayed the official banquet. "Last night wasn't pleasant for me as a hostess," she said. But, she went on, the demonstrators were raising the same issues as many Norwegians — Mrs Thatcher's South African and environmental policies.

Le Monde ENGLISH SECTION

A ridiculous sideshow with France under terrorist threat

"TERRORISM is a veritable act of war," said Prime Minister Chirac addressing the Institut des Hautes Etudes de Défense on Friday. Four years earlier, another Prime Minister —Pierre Mauroy — also compared this challenge to the world as "a crime having the resources of war" and concluded that the anti-terrorist struggle was "part and parcel of defence".

Such doctrinal continuity between right and left in France on so grave a matter can only be commended. Compared with this consensus in defining the danger, there is something stupid, contemptible and obscene about two former secret service bosses — Alexandre de Marenches and Pierre Marion — accusing each other in public of having done practically nothing to counter terrorism, at a time when French citizens are paying a heavy price in blood.

The sponsors and executors of such attacks, as well as their beneficiaries, are likely to judge the efficiency of French secret services by the gauge offered by this ridiculous squabble. A year after the botched operation against the Rainbow Warrior in New Zealand, the DGSE (Direction Générale de la Sécurité) is still licking its wounds, and it deserves better than this unseemly row.

Why do men accustomed to secrecy and working in the shadows because of the responsibilities they exercised in the past suddenly

COMMENT

feel an overpowering compulsion to take centre stage and put on airs as soon as they quit their jobs? Who stands to gain from their urge, long held in check, to indulge in spectacular blabbering? In the days when they ran their services, they insisted on discretion from their subordinates. Why then should not these men, who know from experience that what counter-espionage demands above all is secrecy so as to deny information to the adversary, show concern for respecting their obligation to remain silent? If they want to bear witness to history, let them first refrain from departing from their professional code of conduct, all the more so as at this particular juncture the secret services' task is neither as simple nor as straightforward as some, including people in government circles, would have us believe.

With an executive answerable to the nation and apparently waiting for positive, even quick, results in the anti-terrorist struggle so as to reassure the public, the remedy does not lie within secret services like the DGSE, to say nothing of the army. Military action, provided a government accepts full responsibility for it before the world community, can produce temporary, ad-hoc results, but it does not defuse a highly explosive with many other political and ideological ramifications.

"Terrorism is the union of fire and water," says a DGSE official. That is, two natural elements which when they break loose can quickly become uncontrollable.

(September 14/15)

Chirac enforces border checks

Shortly after terrorists struck yet again in the French capital, Prime Minister Jacques Chirac announced a package of antiterrorist measures that will go into operation immediately. The package includes mandatory entry visas for visitors to France from all countries other than the EEC states and Switzerland, reinforcement of border crossings and other border areas with the deployment of 1,000 army commandos, the generalisation of systematic search operations in public places, and intensified checks on the movements of people.

Chirac spoke against the background of three bomb attacks in the capital and news that six more French soldiers serving with the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (Unifil) had fallen victim to a terrorist mine in southern Lebanon. He had particularly harsh words for the Finnish commander of the Unifil force: "I telephoned the general commanding the French contingent today and learned to my utter amazement and disgust that the general commanding the Unifil force had gone on leave and would be absent until October 2." He described the attitude as reprehensibly frivolous considering the gravity of the situation. Three of the soldiers whose vehicle blew up on a land mine were badly injured and one of them is reported to be clinically dead.

Another terrorist attack in Paris took place at 5.30 pm on Sunday, September 14, at the Pub Renault on the crowded Champs-Elysées. A waiter spotted a suspicious-looking parcel in a flowerpot on a table and reported it to the manager, who called in the police. When the parcel was being moved it blew up, severely injuring the two policemen and another person. One of the policemen, a young man aged 24, later died of his wounds.

The bomb is said to have been roughly of the same size — 2.5 kilos — as the device that went off in a crowded cafetaria in the Defense district, on the western outskirts of Paris, shortly after midday on Friday, injuring 41 people, two of them quite seriously. Twelve persons — all of Middle Eastern origin — have been arrested and are awaiting expulsion.

In a further development, a large bomb was reported to have gone off at a police headquarters at lunchtime on Monday, injuring at least 50 people.

Meanwhile, a public controversy has broken out in France following charges and counter-charges and disclosures made by two former French secret service chiefs.

Aquino's Defence Minister plays a waiting game

President Corazon Aquino left on Monday, September 15, for a weeklong visit to the United States amid a flurry of rumours suggesting threats to her government. One of her strongest critics is apparently her own defence minister, Juan Ponce Enrile. In an interview given to the Catholic magazine Veritas, two of his senior aides, Security Chief Colonel Gregorio Honasan, and Head of Defence Intelligence Colonel Eduardo Kapunan, criticised Cory Aquino's handling of the Communist problem. Although dismissing suggestions that there might be a coup during her absence, the President did say: "I hope to God that I should be allowed to return to the country with the blessings of our ally, the United States of America, and the Filipino people, especially those in the military . . . "

Washington Post, page 17

MANILA — "I don't know why, each time I open my mouth, I cause flurries. Yet this government claims to be pluralist." Offhand and ironical, affable and cajoling by turns, Filipino Defence Minister Juan Ponce Enrile refuses to give interviews "before next week's visit to the United States by the President." But this does not prevent him from speaking up, in private, over a drink, or at the end of a lunch which unexpectedly turns into a press conference.

Johnny, as he is familiarly called by Filipinos, is 62. A former Harvard graduate, Enrile was for 20 years a pillar of the Marcos regime (in particular he occupied the same post that he holds now) and in the course of this summer he has emerged as one of the key figures on the Filipino political scene: "Stop: the minister of defence is not a political organisation, and doesn't indulge in politics. But I'm asked to do the impossible: who can prove he has no ambitions?" In particular, he was credited with planning to succeed Marcos and there is no indication that he has abandoned the idea of running for President.

True, the skilfully structured comments that Enrile makes week after week look like direct criticism of what the Aquino government is doing. So much so, that recently Minister of Local Administrations Pimentel for the first time gave his cabinet colleague a warning: "If he doesn't agree with the President's policy towards the Communists, let him resign."

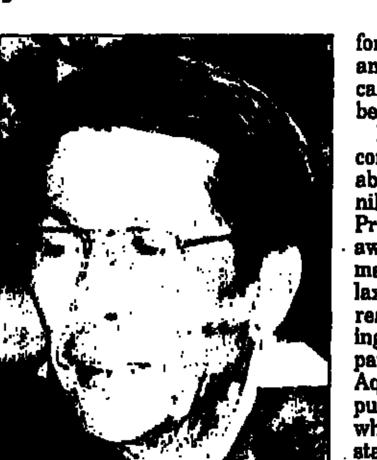
To which Enrile, who has less faith in a negotiated solution (to the communist insurrection) than in military action, replies blandly: "All right, I agree my approach to the Communist problem is different from that of other government members. You see, the Communists represent a real danger. They are now openly on the political scene, they speak freely but have not abandoned their armed struggle."

Meanwhile, without mentioning Enrile directly, Agriculture Minister Mitra, one of the two men appointed by Cory Aquino to negotiate with the Communists, rails in public about the "hysterical reactions" to the Communist Party's demands which are are likely to cause the negotiations to collapse.

Enrile scarcely seems to worry about the reactions that his statements are causing among radical or merely liberal cabinet members. He knows that Washington, worried about a possible easing of the military crackdown on the insurrection, is with him on the Communist issue and that a good many within the party do not believe in these negotiations. "The problem is one of national security," says Enrile. "Tell me if I'm being disloyal to Mrs Aquino by putting her on her guard. I'm not against a ceasefire. But I think it's necessary to be cautious and not help a long-term strategy of the Communists who are planning to fight on several fronts — legal and armed."

Enrile doubtless has only a handful of officers behind him, but most of them acknowledge he is defending them, especially those who have been accused of violations by the Human Rights Commission. He has declared he would defend his men even if he has to pay lawyers fees for them out of his own pocket.

In addition, Enrile is in the process of building, more or less openly, a solid political base in the country. Not only does he now appear to be the heir to the



Defense Minister Enrile

regional power that Ferdinand Marcos forged in the north of Luzon (the "loyalists" have abandoned their hopes of a Marcos comeback and most of them have rallied to Enrile, their new "hero" on whom "the presidential garb fits like a glove"). Behind the scenes he is also manipulating a resurgent conservative political force — the Nationalist Party.

The Defence Minister moreover projects the image of a conciliatory man, a federator. He is not unaware that the "political virginity" he provided himself with in February by joining with General Ramos in persuading the army to dump Marcos, thus precipitating the dictator's downfall, has not impressed anyone. Everybody knows he was the martial law administrator and was perhaps indirectly responsible for the disappearances of people and the torture inflicted on political prisoners. So today he seeks to be everybody's friend.

He displayed his role as a conciliator particularly during the abortive Tolentino putsch in Manila early in July. With the President and the Vice-President away in Mindanao, he handled the matter smoothly, appearing relaxed as he went on television to reassure the public, then negotiating with the rebel generals, and in particular obtaining from Cory Aquino an undertaking that no punishments would be handed out, which has only strengthened his standing with the army. "Imagine if leftwing radicals had taken Manila Hotel," remarked a trade unionist bitterly. "They'd be in prison."

The Manila Hotel incident also has another dimension which demonstrates Enrile's power. According to a member of the presidential commission investigating the incident, it seems very likely that Enrile was kept informed by military intelligence of what was cooking. The charitable view is that Enrile let the conspiracy go ahead so the plotters would show their hand and he would be ready to act. A less charitable view, as the commission member who spoke to me pointed out, is that he waited to see how things would turn out.

If the Tolentino uprising and the generals involved in it had rallied the masses, he would still have had time to clamber on the bandwagon. This was all the easier as Tolentino had offered him a place in the provisional government he intended to set up at the Manila Hotel. In a matter of hours the rebellion turned into a comic opera putsch and Enrile efficiently put an end to it.

Again on August 21, the anniversary of Ninoy Aquino's death, when Corazon Aquino was held up at the Manila Hotel which, like the rest of the island of Luzon, was plunged in total darkness for several hours — it is something that has never been explained — it was Enrile who later went on radio to reassure the people (and the President) that the tanks were still in their barracks and that there was no cause for alarm.

Cory Aquino would doubtless be more comfortable with a less clever and less powerful man in the Defence Ministry, but for the moment it seems highly improbable she could do without Enrile without causing serious problems in her army.

(September 11)



Plantu's view of Arafat's reaction to the current Egyptian/Israeli talks.

COMING as they did after so many others, have not the Karachi and Istanbul attacks left democracies pretty helpless before the terrorist onslaught?

Raimond: These tragic attacks, including the ones that took place in Karachi and Istanbul, call for the strongest condemnation. They show once again that the world today must face up to the increasingly worrying increase of a terrorism which does not hesitate to resort to every possible means. In these two cases, they are countries on the fringes of the Middle East and in direct contact with the conflicts racking these zones, countries turned towards the West. In Karachi, the plane that was attacked was American.

As far as Western democracies are concerned, we know they are even more vulnerable precisely because they respect human rights and value human life, a fact reflected in their institutions, especially judicial institutions, and because they have traditions of openness, hospitality and freedom.

Democracies are not defenceless, however, in the confrontation with terrorism, for cherishing the values I've just mentioned does not rule out firmness by governments and their people. Concern for freedom does not preclude a policy of security based on vigilance. Concern for hospitality is not at odds with maintaining stricter surveillance at frontiers. Steps have already been taken to strengthen European cooperation against terrorism and this action is expected to be steadily pursued.

Do you think there is a direct connection between the various terrorist actions, successful or not, which have cost (or nearly cost, as in the RER bomb attempt) the lives of French citizens recently both here and in Lebanon, and the new threats made against the French hostages held in Lebanon?

I don't think so at all. I don't think all these things should be generalised. To take the Unifil case, for example, we see it was triggered off on August 11 and 12 by a serious incident, but unavoidable for a peacekeeping force, that took place during a routine check.

The recent wave of totally indiscriminate terrorist attacks has strengthened the conviction of politicians in many countries that there should be closer international coordination in combating this new blight of terrorism which knows no frontiers. France, in particular, has been put under mounting pressure by this unseen enemy: three of its soldiers attached to the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon were murdered last week; there was an attempt — happily foiled — to cause havoc and carnage in a packed Paris underground train; and a woman was killed and 18 others injured in yet another bomb blast, this time in the post office located in the basement of the Paris City Hall. On Sunday a policeman died in a restaurant bombing. It was against this backdrop of intensified terrorist activity that French Foreign Minister Jean-Bernard Raimond gave the following interview to Le Monde.

France walks a tightrope over the hostages issue

It set off the chain of events we all know and brought a flurry of charges against Unifil from extremist Shi'ites. It brought about a change in the situation on the ground. A part of the local forces demanded that Unifil be withdrawn or tried to provoke it.

The RER incident is plainly a case of terrorism, but in my opinion there is no direct connection between this terrorism and whatever is happening elsewhere. Islamic Jihad's communication (sent to a Lebanese newspaper) is however connected to the hostages issue.

Jacques Amalric and Bernard Brigouleix talk to the French Foreign Minister

We can wonder whether there is any relation between this communication and the talks we have been conducting for the past five months to obtain the hostages' release. The talks are continuing normally, although progress is very slow. We're doing everything we can and I don't see a direct link between the present state of these conversations and Islamic Jihad's message.

It contains a number of specific demands that don't concern us directly. In those that concern us, there is the case of the two Iraqis (recently deported from France), and what has been said about it does not tally with the facts as we know them. A few weeks ago, the two Iraqis went to the French embassy (in Baghdad) and applied for visas (to enter France). They were given the visas. The ambassador asked them when they were thinking of going back to France and they answered they would do so when the universities reopen, since they are students. They recently confirmed this during a meeting with our chargé d'affaires in Baghdad.

Students, really? There has been a lot of talk that at least one of them was in fact very close to Iraqi authorities and that his job was to infiltrate the opposition (Iraqi opposition in France).

Yes, students. You know there are many countries that have 35-year-old students. At any rate, they explained they wanted to come back to Paris to continue their university studies, and added they were free to move at will. We announced it after having carried out checks. As for the rest of the Islamic Jihad message, it obviously contains threats, but at the same time it expresses the hope that headway will be made in the conversations currently under way.

But didn't the government feel badly let down by the recent upsurge of terrorist attacks immediately in the wake of a period when the release of two of the hostages had raised expectations?

There was a problem in August in our talks with Iran, a problem which was kept well within bounds. I share the grief of the (hostages') families in this tragic business, but this has not altered my view. These are conversations, not a horse trade. Out of consideration for the families, I pass on information to them from time to time. Unfortunately I can't tell you more at this stage, so as not to complicate matters even more.

Where have financial negotiations with Iran got to?

Quite far. We're now within sight of a partial agreement, and we're continuing overall negotiations. They concern in particular the $1 billion Iran lent to the French Atomic Energy Commission (CEA). There are also French creditors, connected with Eurodif, and companies which suffered as a result of the Iranian revolution. We have made a number of concessions, as is normal in negotiations of this sort. There still remain problems to be settled, but we're making headway and could even complete the negotiations fairly soon.

When is the next meeting?

At the moment I'm waiting for the Iranian government to respond to the representation I made on August 21.

Could we still say that there will be no agreement on the debt issue before the hostages are released?

You mustn't put it that way. Here's what I can tell you. First, when we decided to normalise political, economic and cultural relations with Iran, it was a policy as such, it being understood that for everybody, especially the Iraqis, this concern to normalise relations in no way called into question either our policy in the region, in the Arab world in general, or our friendship with Baghdad. On the other hand, it is clear that although the Iranian government is not responsible for holding the hostages, it does have leverage over the kidnappers. Given this, a full normalisation, including an exchange of ambassadors, even a visit to Tehran by me, will not be possible so long as these French citizens are held by their kidnappers.

When you are in the government and are confronted by a tragic situation like this, you can of course ignore this situation and leave the hostages to their fate. You can also — and this is what we're doing — do everything possible to obtain their release. But this doesn't mean that French policy then becomes, as it were, the hostages' hostage. This is indeed what we have explained to those people we are dealing with.

In your negotiations with Iran, will you be taking into consideration Tehran's efforts — through the Hezbollahs — to compel the French contingent in Lebanon, and if possible the entire Unifil force, to get out of Lebanon?

We're taking each question separately. There's the question of normalising relations with Iran. There's the hostage question. There's the question of Unifil, which has to be examined with the United Nations in particular, while at the same time taking all the elements into consideration — including the attitude of the Iranian government with which we're in complete disagreement on the Unifil issue.

That's putting it mildly . . . Has Tehran indeed given the Hezbollahs the go-ahead to harass the French contingent? There have been statements to this effect . . .

Quite. That's why we're going to raise the matter with the Iranians in our next talks. We'll see then just how far they are committed to this line. But it doesn't mean that problem will have repercussions on the others.

What are you expecting from your representation to the United Nations?

Unifil was set up in 1978 and France decided to take part in it. The situation in southern Lebanon today is intolerable. Unifil doesn't have the means for fulfilling its mission which, in fact, ceased a long time ago to be the one it was given under UN Resolution 452. That mission required Unifil to make sure Israel withdrew to its own territory, to allow the Lebanese government to establish its authority in all of southern Lebanon and to restore peace and security. This was completed in 1982 by a mission of humanitarian pacification. But today Unifil is in no position to carry out even such an abbreviated mission, since its soldiers — and not just the French contingent — have become targets, and this is intolerable.

Since it's a UN force, however, it's up to the Security Council — that is, the world community — to accept its responsibilities. I hoped the UN mission would be dispatched quickly to Lebanon. As soon as I heard that French soldiers had been killed, I asked that the matter be raised at the Security Council. I previously checked with the Prime Minister and the President that this was also their view. I also discussed the

Continued on page 13

Portrait of a terrorist 'family'

An investigation by Georges Marion and Edwy Plenel

MYSTERY surrounds Georges Ibrahim Abdallah. This man, who is believed to be leader of the Lebanese Armed Revolutionary Fractions (FARL) and has been imprisoned in France since October 1984, appears to be the principal stake, if not the only one, in the campaign of terrorist blackmail to which the French government is currently subjected. Since December 1985, his associates, who investigators say are behind the Comité de Solaridité avec les Prisonniers Politiques Arabes et du Proche-Orient (CSSPA) have been responsible for 11 terrorist attacks (three unsuccessful) in public places in Paris to force the French government to release him.

Why this sustained pressure over 10 months such as France has never experienced before? Everything here seems to be calculated, programmed and timed — a far cry from an irrational escalation. Men who plant bombs follow their own logic, however twisted. The answers are to be sought in the file on Abdallah, in the mass of intelligence gathered by the DST, the French counter-espionage service, concerning the itinerary of a very special terrorist organisation.

Here then is the story of Abdallah and his friends pieced together with the help of hitherto unpublished documents, court hearings and the written indictment of the Lyons prosecutor's office, and secrets revealed by specialists in the anti-terrorist struggle.

The story opens with a new and surprising anecdote. It was not the DST who picked up Abdallah in Lyons on October 25, 1984. In fact, he walked into a police station and asked for police protection. Why? Because he noticed he was being shadowed and feared they were Mossad (Israeli secret service) agents out to get him. He had a solid cover — an authentic Algerian passport issued in the name of Abdelkader Saadi, electronics engineer — and thought he could escape his pursuers in this way. But he was mistaken. The men shadowing him were DST inspectors, who had been well informed, and knew who they were dealing with. A revealing attitude of a man who thought he was important enough to be Mossad's potential target.

Two and a half months later, a man coming from Ljubljana (Yugoslavia) was arrested by Italian customs near the Trieste-Opicina border crossing. He had a railway ticket for Ljubljana-Rome-Modena-Paris. Above all he was carrying 7.6 kilos of a Semex-type explosive. The man actually tried to make the Italians believe that they were in fact oriental cakes by swallowing one of them. He later refused to say anything, so much so the Italians still have not succeeded in discovering his real identity behind the Moroccan passport bearing the name of Abdallah el Mansouri.

With the help of this catch, Italian and French police caught up with Abdallah by shadowing two other members of the group, Férial Daher and Joséphine Abdo (Abdo was arrested by the Italian police after Abdallah on December 18, 1984). The first interrogations then began in Lyons of the man whom the DST, on the strength of information coming from Lebanese Phalange sources, suspected was FARL's leader. They found they were dealing with a professional who could not be shaken. Initially, he clung to his cover that he was an Algerian tourist who had worked in Kuwait and "visited" Marseilles, Dijon, Paris and Aix-en-Provence before arriving in Lyons to "loaf about the city" and "visit cafes and restaurants".

The DST investigators let him glimpse they knew more and that this defence just did not hold any water. Abdallah then fell back on his second cover: "I'm an Arab revolutionary of Algerian nationality . . . My job was to get the members of my organisation, the Revolutionary Movement of Arab Union (MRUA), out of France . . . The network's permanent members as well as the logistical backup have already been evacuated . . . These people were placed in position to determine and identify Israeli and American targets, but the organisation realised it wasn't expedient to hit such objectives given the present political environment."

The DST then tried to push the advantage by questioning him on the "similarities" between the "MRUA's targets" and the FARL's victims. To no purpose: "The MRUA is not connected at all to the FARL . . . the basic difference is that MRUA is interested in Israeli and American targets to discover what they are preparing against us, while FARL strikes at their objectives." In other words, he was claiming to be a political operative, not a military man. But this defence was ripped apart by the mass of damning discoveries the DST amassed in its painstaking investigation into Swiss bank accounts and Paris hideouts.

These are very precisely summarised in the Lyons prosecutor's written indictment, which was prepared for Abdallah's hearing in July: "Since 1980 he has been running the FARL, which is composed primarily of residents of the cities of Kobayat and Andakt in northern Lebanon, and especially several of his brothers (Maurice, Robert, Joseph and Fakim — the last, who was a naturalised French citizen, died mysteriously in Paris in 1983). His movement appears to have relations with non-Palestinian terrorist groups, especially the Red Brigades and Action Directe." The Lyons magistrates are categorical: "As the inquiry shows, Georges Abdallah is the driving force behind the terrorist group he heads; he picks the targets and looks after the supply of explosives and weapons and finds the safe houses."

It has also been shown that he travelled around using at least five different passports (Maltese, two Moroccan, an Algerian and a South Yemeni) under a variety of names (Alex, Skandare, Michel Saad, Georges Haddad, Abbas, etc.); that between 1981 and 1984 he travelled very frequently between France, Yugoslavia, Cyprus, Italy, Switzerland and Spain; that his stays in Paris, in particular, coincided with the dates of FARL terrorist attacks; that he frequently changed hotels and rented, through third parties, several apartments and self-contained flatlets.

What did the police find on Abdallah's person and in the apartments he lived in? Lists of Israeli and Jewish organisations and associations, names of prominent Jewish figures, street maps of cities (Rome, Berne, Saragossa, Nicosia). Above all, they discovered a veritable arsenal as a result of the search made on April 2, 1985 of the flat he rented at No 18, Rue Lacroix in the 17th arrondissement of Paris (discovered by tracing the circuit taken by the rent payments — credit transfers from the Universal Bank of Geneva to a real estate agency account at the Crédit du Nord in Paris): 97 cakes of trityl (21 kilos), a 2.5 kg cake of Semtex H, three detonators, six RPG7 propellents, a one-kilo cake of explosive, two Skorpion CZ 7.65mm submachine-guns, a CZ 7.65mm machine-pistol, 158 rounds of 7.65mm ammunition, two walkie-talkies, a remote-controlled detonating device, a radio receiver fitted out for remote control activation, pencils converted for use as detonators . . .

The experts concluded that the submachine-gun had been used for the 1982 slayings of Charles Ray, the US military attaché in Paris, and Yaacov Barsimantov, the second secretary at the Israeli embassy in Paris, two of the eight attacks between 1981 and 1984 (seven in France, one in Italy) responsibility for which was publicly claimed by the FARL. The same experts point to the "sophisticated character of the remote-controlled systems which were made by knowledgeable amateurs." They also note the "Czech orgins of most of the weapons and explosives."

The ramifications and the high "quality" of the organisation forged by Abdallah become evident from this exhaustive investigation. As is evident from the "fake but genuine" passports, it is a network which functioned with state support. What this means is that the FARL worked for a section of the Syrian government and George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP).

Born in 1951 in Tripoli, Georges Ibrahim Abdallah was from his young days an activist in the Syrian People's Party, a Lebanese party dedicated to Greater Syria. He left it to join Palestinian movements, particularly the PFLP, where he is supposed to have had the rank of major and to be on friendly terms with Habash.

What is unique about this organisation is that it is a family network and its members have a thorough knowledge of Europe, especially France. All the FARL members so far identified are close to the Abdallah family, which is of Christian origin. Apart from El Mansouri and Abdo (sentenced respectively to 15 and 16 years in gaol in Italy), there are Jacqueline Esber, Férial Daher, Salim El Khoury, Maurice Abdallah (he has still not been found). When Gilles Peyrolles, the director of the French Cultural Centre in Tripoli was kidnapped by the FARL in March 1985 in a bid to obtain the release of its fellow members, he found himself confronted by El Khoury, Robert and Maurice Abdallah as well as Esber, said to be the group's "brains".

All of them speak very good French. Abdallah, who prides himself on his Marxist culture, kept company with the Red Brigades in the '70s. He set up a "broad-ranging" network, making himself out to be a political man, and winning over French extreme-left circles in Grenoble especially. He gave his network a name similar to West Germany's Red Army Fraction. In short, he knows how to pour himself into the mould of European terrorism. He is an important and able figure. In short he is a "cadre" of international terrorism.

The police investigation has however uncovered only the tip of the iceberg. For instance, FARL has claimed responsibility only for targeted actions, particularly against American and Israeli diplomats and secret service agents. The discovery of important stocks of explosives proves that it did not restrict itself to this role. The Lyons prosecutor's office points out that "in all probability all of the caches planted by FARL have not been discovered." What's more, the contents of the cache of weapons and explosives found on the Rue Lacroix had been "handled" since Abdallah's arrest in 1984, as was shown by a copy of the Paris daily, Le Quotidien de Paris, dated January 26, 1985 which was found there.

A logistical infrastructure which has not yet been unearthed and has probably been involved in some of these latest terrorist attacks.

(September 10)

France walks a tightrope

Continued from page 12

issue with the Soviet first vice-minister of foreign affairs, Yuli Vorontsev, when he passed through Paris recently and asked him to support our request to the Security Council whose current president is the Soviet ambassador to the United Nations.

But what sort of measures can be taken apart from Unifil falling back on itself?

If, eight years after Unifil was formed, the world community cannot give it the means for fulfilling its mission without its contingents becoming chosen victims, then it will have to draw its conclusions. It will have to be done internationally, for I can't see how France, a permanent member of the Security Council taking part in an international force, could unilaterally withdraw.

All the same, isn't France being belatedly rather naive in discovering today that its soldiers have indeed become targets — which is unfortunately common enough for soldiers — and that war kills?

There are two quite distinct things and they must not be confused. It's true that in the case of an intervention force like Unifil it's very difficult to prevent soldiers being killed or wounded in incidents on the ground. But this has nothing to do with a situation where soldiers are deliberately killed or wounded by people challenging the very principle of their mission.

Will France ask the Security Council to redefine Unifil's mandate or merely to issue specific directives?

We have asked for a meeting to examine whether it is necessary to modify this mandate, reinforce Unifil's means or take other measures, and we have suggested that if at the end of this review no prospects for remedying the situation become apparent, then the appropriate consequences will have to be drawn. I can't go any further for the moment, considering that our commitment is international in character.

Doesn't "drawing all the consequences" in this case mean just the opposite of what the President recently declared?

At the end of his statement published on September 4, the President broached the need for "guarantees" to enable Unifil to continue fulfilling its mission. Let's say there is agreement between the Matignon, Elysée and the Quai d'Orsay that the question should be thoroughly reviewed in its international context.

In talking about his Paris visit, Yuli Vorontsov hinted that France favoured the Soviet proposal on the Middle East involving the holding of a conference and, in the near future, the setting up of a kind of preparatory committee. Is your position clear cut?

An ambiguity has recently arisen on this issue. I've even heard a reference somewhere to a "French-Soviet initiative". However, the matter should be clear. France is not opposed to a proposal aimed at calling an international conference on the Middle East with the participation of all the permanent members of the Security Council, but it is aware that implementing such a project is bound to encounter many obstacles. If only for the reason that some of the parties concerned (and not just Israel, either) prefer to have direct contacts first.

To take the case of another of your recent callers, General Vernon Walters, did he really ask for nothing from France?

Nothing. He came to take stock of the situation in the Mediterranean and the measures adopted in Europe, especially at the EEC level, for fighting terrorism. He didn't seem to me to be disappointed by the Europeans on this point. He also spoke of Chad. You know what our position is on that.

Defence Minister André Giraud's position?

I think M Giraud's position is the same as mine, that is, that France intervened in Chad at the Chad government's request and has maintained a disposition on the ground there for aiding it if necessary. We support the political reunification of Chad, where the situation has temporarily stabilised. But we remain very vigilant because Libyan infiltration could occur.

Did General Walters speak to you about terrorist actions which the Americans think are sponsored by Gadafy?

He didn't mention any particular action. But it's clear Washington was expecting a resurgence of terrorist activity.

(September 9)

Claude Berri's new film, "Jean de Florette", which was released in Paris on August 27, stars Yves Montand as grandpa César Soubeyran, a patriarchal figure as rugged as the Provençal maquis.

For the film, Montand has been aged 15 years with heavy make-up, his natural wrinkles heightened with pencil, a bristly, grizzled moustache and a hat whose patina suggests a lifetime of hard work and sweat in a torrid climate, he looks disconcertingly like Gaston Dominici.

Montand's transition, as an actor, from middle to old age seems to have been achieved effortlessly, and apparently without any regrets. One wonders what prompted him to take such an important and irreversible step. Why had he agreed to play the part of César?

No doubt out of respect for Marcel Pagnol, who invented the character, and who was best man at Montand's marriage to Simone Signoret. Pagnol, says Montand, was not just "the author of regional and picaresque novels, but a universal writer whose *oeuvre* resembles a Greek tragedy rejigged by Charlie Chaplin".

No doubt, too, because he wanted to demonstrate resoundingly that a possible future candidate for the French Presidency (which Montand has hinted he might be) is primarily and enduringly, a great actor. But certainly because he wanted a slice of the action in one of the biggest blockbusters in French cinema history, a movie with an eight-month shooting schedule and a budget of 110 million francs (about £11 million).

The story of Berri's ambitious film began back in 1952, when Pagnol, a film-maker as well as a novelist, shot "Manon des Sources". Ten years later, he published two novels, "Jean de Florette" and "Manon des Sources", which returned to and expanded on the theme of his film — the stony landscape and emotions of Provence.

Claude Berri has adapted Pagnol's two novels for the screen. "Manon des Sources", the sequel to "Jean de Florette", will be released in November and also stars Montand.

Danièle Heymann interviewed Yves Montand at his Paris flat in the Place Dauphine — the home he shared with Simone Signoret until her death earlier this year. His only reference to that sad event in his life was an affectionate gesture towards the sofa where she used to sit, a shrug, and the words: "Life goes on."

Montand comes to terms with the advancing years

Danièle Heymann talks to Yves Montand

WHEN did you first discover Marcel Pagnol's universe?

In "Marius" (1931), the first film scripted by him that I saw. With typical conceit, people in the South of France immediately got the impression that thanks to Pagnol the whole world had begun to revolve around La Canebière in Marseilles and the celebrated sardine which allegedly blocked the harbour entrance.

I myself, though from the Midi, thought it had all got a bit out of hand. Henri Alibert (a Marseillais actor and writer of light opera) was reportedly "enjoying a triumph in Paris" — but he wasn't, he was just being successful. Another Marseillais, Vincent Scotto, was "the world's greatest composer". No he wasn't — but his unique naivety was refreshing. I found I had to fight such southern exaggerations when we began shooting "Jean de Florette".

Daniel Auteuil, is superb as Ugolin, and who comes from Avignon, agreed with me. We took care not to pile on the southern accent. In any case, when you sit down and read Pagnol, the accent emerges naturally because of the sing-song way he writes.

You must have met Pagnol when you were a music-hall artiste in Marseilles?

Yes, in 1942. Pagnol owned his own studios there. He also ran a magazine, Les Cahiers du Film, in which I read that he was looking for extras for "La Fille du Puisatier". You were asked to bring your own "wardrobe".

I packed my little cardboard suitcase and turned up with my stage costume — a large and very long check sports jacket which my brother-in-law persuaded me to buy at Thiéry's, "the well-dressed man's outfitters".

As for my part, all you can see on the screen is my back. I was used as a marker for a tracking shot. But I was quite oblivious to what was going on. The spotlights were on my face and I was in seventh heaven: I was making a film!

That evening, I was introduced to Pagnol in the rushes room. I sang him three songs and did a few impersonations. After that, I didn't see him again immediately.

But he was best man at your wedding, wasn't he?

It was Simone who had kept in contact with Pagnol's wife, Jacqueline. They'd been at school together. And when Simone worked for a time at Harcourt the photographers, she met Jacqueline who had come to have a set of studio portraits taken. Then the Pagnols bought a house near Vence, and we saw each other regularly after that.

He was an extraordinary talker, just as captivating as Picasso, or Sartre, or Prévert — other people I've known. Pagnol had been a schoolteacher and it showed: he talked as though he was talking to his pupils — or maybe that was only how he acted with me. But anyway I learned a lot from him. And he was amusing too.

There were two stories of his he wanted me to direct, since he thought he was too old to direct them himself. One was a kind of prototype of "La Guerre du Feu", and the other described the adventures of an itinerant photographer who travels round the markets of Provence.

But did you never think of acting in a Pagnol play or film yourself?

Marcel asked me if I'd be interested in appearing in a stage version of "Marius", and later of "La Femme du Boulanger". I turned him down. By the way, Michel Galabru, who did it in the end, gave a really great performance and earned well-deserved success.

You haven't been in a film for three years, not since Claude Sautet's "Garcon", which was a turning-point. Now you're back, but in a film where you have been made to look 15 years older. Are you going through the same process as Jean Gabin in "Touchez pas au Grisbi" (1954)? Does your role in "Jean de Florette" herald the start of another successful career?

I myself have no desire whatever to start playing a series of grandfather roles. Commonsense tells me to give up acting altogether. It's a profession which causes, and has always caused, me such agony that I think it really must be time to call it a day.

In the cinema the aim is to get as close as possible to the truth of the character. You put on a set of clothes — César Soubeyran's heavy corduroy jacket, for example — but you really have to clothe yourself from within. And you're never quite sure you're going to pull it off.

Everyone raved about how thin I got for my part in "L'Aveu". But that's not the point. Any idiot can lose a few pounds. But injecting life into a character, keeping up the momentum, equalling people's expectations of you, to the fee you're getting, to your public image, is quite a different matter. And even then the cinema is nothing compared with a one-man show.

For the first three weeks of my last show at the Olympia, in 1981, I swear to you I wished every evening I'd break my leg, so I'd have an excuse not to go on stage. It was because I was afraid, physically afraid.

It's never been easy for me. I even have difficulty in keeping time. When I sang "C'est Si Bon", I had to count in my head: "C'est si bon, deux, trois, quatre, un . . . De partir n'importe où, deux, trois, quatre, un . . ." What, you mean it didn't show? How nice of you. But when it comes down to it I wasn't really cut out for the job. I'll never understand how a son and grandson of peasants, like myself, ended up on the boards.

Have there been "periods" or "stages" in your career?

Yes, one grows old in stages. Our friend Louis de Funès used to compare life to a little theatre where, every 10 years, a new curtain is raised — one green, one yellow, one blue, and then finally a black curtain falls. I was shit-scared when I turned 40, then had a wonderful summer when I was 53, the year that "César et Rosalie" came out.

Then, well, at 60 you just have to accept yourself as you are. When I gave my last show at the Olympia, I felt the need to be strict with myself. I saved my energies, spent the whole day lying down, watching what I ate, doing a bit of walking to improve my breathing, so I could give all of myself when the time came in the evening. One should never forget that the public is like a girl of 18 or 20, and quite legitimately very demanding.

I've decided to heed the danger signals, even if I still feel up to doing certain things. So I can't really see myself doing another show in France. Gala performances, yes. And perhaps the tour I've been promising myself for ages — the backwoods of America, countries I've never sung in, like Egypt or Israel.

Are you satisfied with your physique?

I've never liked either my physique or my "nice working-class fellow" side. I know that deep inside me I can be as nice and as nasty as anyone else; but I don't like playing "nice" characters. I had no choice, though, as that was what was expected of me.

Montand brings a red rose to Simone Signoret's funeral.

To a certain extent I had the same problem as Marilyn Monroe, who was obliged to play dumb blondes because of the high girlish voice that issued from her superb body.

When you were type-cast as the "singing prole", were you already active politically?

I've been involved in politics for 20 years now. It's not some passing fancy. Both in my so-called committed songs and in certain political films, my position didn't use to be very different from what it is today.

Things were more straightforward then. You were labelled as a leftwinger.

That's no reason to label me as a rightwinger now. Or to think I want to become President of France. The question I ask myself is this: to make my voice heard, must I necessarily make a bid for the Presidency? It's as simple as that.

If joining the electoral mêlée means I can cut this or that politician down to size, then count me in. Imagine me and Le Pen. I'd like to be able to say to him: "You're a coward, sir. When one is an anti-Semite or a racist one should admit to being one."

But for the moment I'm happy to go on record as saying that some members of the present government are doing a fine job, like Philippe Séguin, Alain Juppé and Philippe Malhuret. I see no reason, either, why Philippe de Villiers should get so much stick. Is it because he is a devout Catholic? I say: respect his opinions even if you don't agree with them.

But I also recognise that some members of the previous Socialist Government, such as Jacques Delors, Pierre Bérégovoy and Jack Lang were good. Lang is perhaps a bit too flashy, but he did some very good things for culture. I only hope that his successor, François Léotard, does as much.



The Washington Post

The Daniloff Deal

NO ONE could look at the pictures of the Soviets' American hostage Nicholas Daniloff exulting in his transfer out of Lefortovo prison and not share in his gratitude and relief. Almost two weeks in his eight-by-ten-foot cell, cut off from contact with family and countrymen except by his jailers' occasional leave, subject to continuous surveillance and repeated, prolonged interrogation by his KGB captors, Mr. Daniloff, the Moscow correspondent for U.S. News & World Report, is immeasurably better off out of prison than he was in it.

But he is still the victim of a cynical and outrageous frame-up. And he is still a hostage. The only way the United States was able to gain his release from prison, it seems, was to acquiesce in this hostage status and to become in some degree a guarantor of it. This is awfully uncomfortable. In explanation it is said that Mr. Daniloff's health was at risk under the conditions of his imprisonment, that the deal is essentially the same one that was made to gain the release of another American in similar circumstances a few years back, that a kind of pre-arranged series of face-saving steps will in fact lead to Nick Daniloff's release from captivity and that in the imperfect and unbalanced, if not downright rotten, world of U.S.-Soviet dealings, this is the sort of thing you sometimes have to do.

There is bound to be much inquiry into all this in the days ahead; there will be sustained efforts by journalists and politicians and others to establish just what the bargaining was about and whether the American government did the right thing and got the best it could. There are many serious questions, and it will be useful to know more. The only thing we can say with certainty just now is that, glad that Nick Daniloff is out of Lefortovo, we hope, and trust, that the deal that got him out is better than it looks.

Genesis Of A Diplomatic Fiasco

By Walter Pincus and David B. Ottaway

WASHINGTON — It started as just another episode in the covert battle between rival intelligence services over the rules of the "spy game" and suddenly mushroomed into a confrontation of major diplomatic proportions that neither side apparently wanted or anticipated.

With no show of concern for the possible political fallout on pre-summit jockeying, the FBI on Aug. 23 arrested Gennadi Zakharov, a low-level Soviet spy recruiter winding up a four-year tour of duty with the United Nations in New York. He was jailed without bail and charged with espionage after taking three classified documents from an FBI collaborator he had been cultivating as a source.

A week later, the Soviets retaliated, acting with apparent symmetry, by seizing and imprisoning American correspondent Nicholas Daniloff, who was ending a 5-year stint in Moscow for U.S. News & World Report. Daniloff was surrounded by KGB agents moments after he was handed an envelope containing two films marked "secret" by a Russian he thought was a friend.

In the ensuing two weeks, the Reagan administration issued a series of muddled and sometimes conflicting statements about its reaction to Daniloff's arrest and what it intended to do.

At first, it did not rule out the possibility of some kind of a deal, then rejected any trade,but finally accepted equal treatment as "an interim step." On Friday, both Daniloff and Zakharov were released into custody of their respective ambassadors.

By accepting the Soviet suggestion to release both men, the Reagan administration has temporarily defused the tension. But its handling of the issue has evoked a torrent of criticism from allies as well as foes on Capitol Hill, with conservatives inside and outside the administration charging it has sold out on the president's own promise of "no trade," or will do so if it cannot win Daniloff's freedom without a trade for Zakharov.

"Could you imagine what we (conservatives) would be doing if Jimmy Carter had done this?" remarked one Reagan political appointee Saturday. "Impeachment would be too easy."

Initially, the two nation's security services, the FBI and the KGB, appeared to be calling the shots. In the U.S. top political leaders were either on vacation or apparently unaware decisions were being taken that clearly might upset the larger U.S.-Soviet relationship; the same may have been true in Moscow.

After embarrassment over the Walker family spy ring, the mishandling last fall of the Soviet defector Vitali Yurchenko, a KGB agent who defected and then went back home, and then the defection of ex-CIA agent Edward L. Howard to the Soviets, the Reagan administration and particularly the FBI was under considerable pressure to recoup against the Soviets.

One well-publicized response was the FBI's apprehension early this summer of the Soviet air attache here as he was caught in the act of picking up classified documents. He was quickly expelled.

The arrest of Zakharov, remarked one Senate intelligence committee source, was "done for domestic consumption to show we are really doing something and the United States is on top of this spy thing."

Now President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev have asserted personal control. Reagan is clearly seeking to limit the diplomatic impact of the arrests on pre-summit diplomacy, and Soviet spokesmen say repeatedly they consider the arrests a minor matter. But the secret war between rival secret services continues, with the release of the two men temporarily caught up in that diplomacy.

By all accounts, the decision to have the FBI hand Zakharov a package of classified documents and then arrest him after three years of surveillance was handled as a routine matter. There was no inter-agency disagreement or hesitancy over the action, and the officials involved recognized that some form of Soviet retaliation was likely, according to administration officials.

There appears to have been no discussion about implications of jailing Zakharov, apparently a key step in the eyes of the Soviets, which Justice Department sources said was handled under a Reagan administration policy that all East bloc citiziens arrested for espionage be held without bail. Zakharov's lawyer later complained that this was a break with past precedent in the handling of such cases.

Administration officials insist the decision to arrest Zakharov was approved at a "very high level" within the government, as one put it, and that the inter-agency discussions prior to the decision "took into account the possibility of retaliation." "But

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Foreign Policy? What Foreign Policy?

By David Ignatius

WASHINGTON — The Reagan administration hasn't ruled out a trade to free Nicholas Daniloff. Officials hope the Daniloff case won't disrupt arms-control talks or the summit. Oops. Wait a minute. Scratch that. The Daniloff case is an affront to human decency. There can be no talk of a trade for Daniloff. Er, sorry. Did we say no trade? Perhaps an "interim" trade is acceptable.

Libya's Moammar Gadhafi is planning new terrorist attacks against the United States, and the Reagan administration is readying plans for a military retaliation. Whoa! Hold on. Correction. The administration isn't planning military action. Intelligence reports about Libya are inconclusive.

President Reagan is finally prepared for a "grand compromise" on arms control. He will accept limits on strategic defense in exchange for deep cuts in Soviet offensive missiles. Wait. Sorry. No, he isn't. A trade-off of Star Wars is out of the question. The president remains fully committed to SDI.

These are the sounds of an administration spinning its wheels on foreign policy. Indeed, after reviewing the past month's record of statements and retractions on key issues, a reasonable person might ask whether the administration is conducting a foreign policy at all these days. The answer is yes, but it's a strange sort of policy.

The Reagan administration's foreign policy might best be described as "ad-hocism." Far from being the rigid application of ideology that liberal critics feared, the Reagan foreign policy has proved to be something quite different: an ad-hoc process of trial and error, of alternating hard-line and soft-line statements, of proposals that are run up the flagpole to see who salutes.

It is foreign policy by public-opinion poll, and in many ways, it works. The country is happy. Usually it gets what it wants.

Reagan's ad-hocism has its virtues. When Ferdinand Marcos became an embarrassment to the United States this year, Reagan pulled the plug on his old friend. When public support eroded for American involvement in Lebanon in 1984, Reagan bailed out. It's hard to imagine this president getting involved in a messy, unpopular war like Vietnam. He wouldn't have the patience for it. And Reagan has accomplished the sleight of hand that matters most in foreign affairs: the appearance of strength.

The problem is that the undisciplined, ad-hoc style of the Reagan administration makes it hard to achieve any foreign-policy breakthroughs. It's surprising, in fact, how little this strong and popular president has been able to accomplish in nearly six years. The record of the weak and unpopular Carter administration, by comparison, is full of accomplishments, whether you agree with them or not: the Panama Canal treaty, normalization of diplomatic relations with China, a new SALT treaty with the Soviet Union, a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel. The Reagan administration, in contrast, has had trouble brokering a relatively simple dispute between Egypt and Israel about some beach property in the Sinai desert.

The root of these difficulties is the breakdown of the National Security Council system. The NSC is supposed to bring order to the policy process and ensure that the administration speaks with one voice. But in this administration, the NSC machine hasn't worked to resolve interagency bickering and provide clear and timely presidential decisions.

A case in point is the Reagan administration's performance during the 1983 shoot-down of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. As Seymour Hersh reconstructs the story in his new book, "The Target Is Destroyed," the administration had difficulty speaking with one voice in the first hours and days after the incident.

Reagan's first reaction to the Soviet attack was low-key. Hersh writes: "Reagan felt no immediate need to denounce the Soviets or in some other way to seek vengeance. . . . He didn't have to prove that he could stand up to the Soviets."

This initial low-key response soon gave way to a cacophony of aides and bureaucrats expressing indignation and urging reprisals. The president eventually decided to turn up the rhetoric. He denounced the Soviets for deliberately shooting down the plane (even though U.S. intelligence reports questioned whether the Soviets had realized it was a civilian airliner) and said that the Soviet action was worse than their 1979 invasion of Afghanistan. But Reagan didn't retaliate. This combination of red-hot rhetoric and no military risk seemed to suit the public mood.

A similar pattern of changing statements and ad-hoc policy has been evident in the foreign-policy crises of the past month. Consider:

- The Daniloff case. Two days after the KGB seized the American journalist in Moscow, White House officials said the Reagan administration hadn't ruled out the possibility of an exchange to win Daniloff's freedom. The officials added that the administration hoped to avoid an international incident and disruption of arms-control talks, which were approaching a sensitive phase, or the prospective summit between Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

Four days later, amid growing public indignation about Daniloff, the line seemed to change. Secretary of State George Shultz said in a speech at Harvard: "Let there be no talk of a trade for Daniloff. . . . The Soviet leadership must find the wisdom to settle the case quickly in accordance with the dictates of simple human decency and of civilized national behavior." Then, last Friday, the hard line seemed to soften as American officials negotiated the "interim" release of Daniloff and an accused Soviet spy to the custody of their respective ambassadors.

- Arms Control. Reagan sent a letter in July to Gorbachev that many administration officials described as a breakthrough on arms control. They told reporters that Reagan was finally prepared to accept limitations on testing and deployment of defensive weapons as part of a new arms-control agreement.

Not so, claimed Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger last week. He asserted during a lunch meeting with journalists that Reagan hadn't agreed to any such "grand compromise." He maintained: "The grand compromise was more in the minds of certain beholders than anything else. It was never something the president considered because he was never willing to give up strategic defense."

Who's right? Those like Weinberger who insist that the president will never give up SDI? Or the senior administration officials who maintain that the president deeply wants an arms-control agreement with Moscow? Both are probably right. Our ad-hoc president wants both things, and apparently feels he doesn't have to choose between them.

- Libya. The Wall Street Journal created an uproar last month when it reported: "After a lull, Col. Gadhafi has begun plotting new terrorist attacks. . . . And the Reagan administration is preparing to teach the mercurial Libyan leader another lesson. Right now, the Pentagon is completing plans for a new and larger bombing of Libya in case the president orders it."

Oh yeah? Administration officials in Washington told The New York Times that "the United States had no hard evidence that Libya was planning new terrorist attacks and they flatly denied reports of impending military action against Libya." Oh yeah? A senior White House official in Santa Barbara told reporters The Journal story was "highly authoritative." Oh yeah? Other officials said the administration had in fact been caught in a particularly inept psychological-warfare scheme, one that seemed to frighten the American public more than it did Gadhafi.

Seymour Hersh, certainly no fan of Henry Kissinger, argues that the former national security advisor could teach the Reaganites an important lesson. Says Hersh: "Kissinger understood that you have to grab control of communications in the White House and speak with one voice."

(David Ignatius is an associate editor of The Washington Post.)

The Washington Post

The Yo-yo Market

HISTORIANS of the stock market observe that, compared with the great crash of 1929 preceding the Depression, last week's decline was relatively mild. But that's pretty thin comfort. Uneasiness over the event is aggravated by the uncertainty regarding its causes.

The common wisdom holds that this sudden drop reflects fears of rising inflation and higher interest rates ahead. But that's not entirely plausible. Why a sudden clutch of fright on Thursday last week when on the previous Thursday the Dow Jones Industrial Average hit a new record? Nothing happened between those two Thursdays to impose a radically different view of the world on investors. It may turn out that the best explanation lies in the behavior of speculative markets that move in surges, overshooting realistic price levels first on one side, then on the other.

This tendency to move in surges seems to be growing more pronounced. It's frequently blamed on program trading, the use of intricate hedging techniques made possible by computers. But there's more to it than that. Most stock is owned by large institutions — pension funds, mutual funds, insurance companies — which put it in the hands of professional managers. Most of them follow similar strategies in an intensely competitive game, closely watching the same signals and reacting with the same reflexes. Movement in either direction tends to feed on itself, and small causes can have very large effects.

Do the ups and downs of the stock market make a difference to anyone but the speculators? Indeed they do. The enormous rise of the market over the past year has clearly been a factor in the increased consumer spending that has helped to keep the economy expanding. Conversely a decline, if it persisted, would not only make individuals poorer but would discourage companies from investing.

It would be strange if, in this decade, stock prices were not unusually volatile — for much more influential prices, including the price of money itself, have been swinging wildly. Since the early 1970s, the commodity markets have shot up and down with great violence. Interest rates have moved more or less with them, on a spectacular scale. Over the past several years, the exchange rate of the dollar has risen and fallen much faster than at any time in its modern history. Perhaps this latest slide in the stock market will not amount to anything of lasting significance. But it is certainly a sign, among many others, of the profound instability of the economy in the 1980s.

Mexico And The Bankers

MEXICO and the banks have come to a tight and perilous place in their negotiations over the next round of loans. They are moving slowly, and it now appears that a successful conclusion is less than certain. The *International Monetary Fund is the central mediator* between the indebted Latin countries and their creditors, and at its board meeting last week it took an unusual step. To increase the pressure for progress, it reversed its usual procedure. Instead of waiting for the banks to commit themselves, it approved its own share of these loans and put its own money on the table first — a signal, in the language of these talks, of irritation and concern that they are going to slowly. And it set a deadline (September 29) for concluding them. If that deadline is missed, it's possible that the whole massive and intricate Mexican financial plan will come unraveled.

That plan, worked out between Mexico and the IMF in July, is a highly innovative blueprint to help the Mexicans absorb the shock of the fall in oil prices and to get their economy expanding again. It calls for $12 billion in new loans to Mexico this year and next. Half is to come from the IMF and other international and government sources. The other half is to come from the American, European and Japanese banks to which Mexico already owes some $75 billion.

In these negotiations each side holds a gun at the head of the other. Without additional bank lending, Mexico's hopes for a recovery next year fade out of sight. But if Mexico were to respond by holding up interest payments on the past loans, the result would be a worldwide banking crisis.

One issue is, inevitably, interest rates. The Mexicans are reportedly pressing for interest rates on the new loans set at the banks' cost of borrowing money — that is, with zero profit to the banks. The banks have refused, not least because they do not care to set a precedent that would be seized by other Latin debtors. And there are evidently other difficult issues arising from the extremely complex nature of these loans.

The IMF set September 29 as the deadline because, on the following day, the annual meetings of the IMF and the World Bank open here in Washington, attended by nearly every government in the world and thousands of commercial bankers. In that atmosphere, unresolved Mexican negotiations could easily become the central political issue of the occasion and increase North-South tensions in all the familiar unhelpful ways.

It's not a matter of blaming either the banks or the Mexicans. But the IMF is saying that those crucial talks are in danger of stalling. It's time for the negotiators to consider more carefully the costs of failure.

LETTER

The KAL Shootdown

MAY I make two points about Shootdown — Flight KAL 007 by R. W. Johnson? Firstly, your reviewer, Douglas B. Feaver (Guardian Weekly, July 13, 1986), says, "the reader is alerted on page 2" . . . by an incomplete quotation from an ICAO report. If Mr Feaver had remained on the alert he would have discovered the complete quotation on page 234.

Secondly, the map on pp46-47 shows Auckland as a 'base and free access port for attack submarines'. This is not correct, as Mrs Thatcher and Mr Reagan know — to their frustration and anger. There are also errors regarding Australian installations.

Arthur Batt,
Stevenson Way,
Howick,
New Zealand.

Reagan Under Fire For Deal Over Daniloff

By Lou Cannon and James R. Dickinson

WASHINGTON — American journalist Nicholas Daniloff and accused Soviet spy Gennadi Zakharov were released into the custody of their respective ambassadors in Moscow and New York on Friday last week after intense diplomatic negotiations. But Secretary of State George P. Shultz, calling the move "an interim step," said Daniloff remained a "hostage" in Moscow, a term also used by President Reagan.

After 13 days of trying without success to win Daniloff's unconditional freedom, the United States accepted a Soviet proposal to release the two men, both accused of espionage, to their ambassadors with the understanding that they would be available for trial.

But Shultz and other U.S. officials acknowledged serious obstacles to winning the complete freedom of Daniloff, with the Soviets insisting he should be treated similarly to the treatment shown toward Zakharov. A senior official familiar with the negotiations said, "We haven't budged, and they haven't budged."

Shultz insisted at a White House news conference that there was "no equivalency" between the cases of Zakharov, a Soviet physicist and United Nations employee,and Daniloff, a Moscow correspondent for U.S. News & World Report. Reagan drew the distinction of the administration's point of view in a speech to elementary school principals in the Rose Garden, where he referred to Daniloff as "our hostage in Moscow" and Zakharov as "the Soviet spy."

In a briefing on the agreement to release both men, Shultz told reporters the Daniloff case "damages the (Soviet-American) relationship," but said it would not stand in the way of his meeting this week with Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze or of a prospective summit between Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev.

A senior official said Reagan approved the interim measure after receiving a report that included a medical evaluation saying that Daniloff, who suffers from high blood pressure, was under "extreme psychological pressure" during his imprisonment, which has included four hours of KGB interrogation a day.

Officials said that Shultz recommended and Reagan approved the interim release after the Soviets refused to accept two U.S. proposals. The first, accompanied by a personal assurance from Reagan that Daniloff was not a spy, was that the journalist be released outright without being charged while Zakharov be turned over to the Soviet ambassador pending trial. The Soviets rejected this proposal outright and charged Daniloff with espionage.

The second U.S. proposal involved release of Daniloff and a prospective swap of Zakharov for a Soviet dissident or dissidents, who were described as "political prisoners" by U.S. officials. The Soviets did not formally reject this idea but gave no positive response to it, sources said.

Administration officials said the negotiations with Moscow will continue, and several sources held out hope that a complete resolution could be worked out within a week. Others were less optimistic.

Pressure increased on the administration to force the Soviet Union to release Daniloff, with two leading senators calling on the United States to refuse to participate in the proposed superpower summit meeting unless Daniloff is freed.

Senator Bill Bradley, D-N.J., and two former high administration officials — former national security affairs adviser Robert C. McFarlane and former United Nations ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpartick — also withdrew from a public debate on superpower relations between U.S. and Soviet policymakers in the Soviet Union to show their displeasure with the administration's handling of the Daniloff affair.

In addition to rejecting the proposed summit, Senators Richard G. Lugar, R-Ind., and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, D-N.Y., advocated cutting off subsidized grain sales to the Soviet Union, the expulsion of "500 spies" in the Soviet mission to the United Nations and restricting this week's meeting between Shultz and Shevardnadze to the Daniloff case alone if he has not been freed by then. Former secretary of state Henry A. Kissinger said of the Soviets, "They held an American for ransom and got what they wanted."

Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead said he is optimistic that there will be a summit between Reagan and Gorbachev. Failure to resolve the Daniloff case would not necessarily preclude talks between the two superpowers, he said, because "if we terminate all discussions with the Soviet Union, then we cannot make progress on this case or on anything else.

"I think that the Soviets need a summit . . . and we would like a summit, but we're not ready to pay for a summit. The world will be better off if there is a summit, but it won't be the end of the world if there is no summit."

Genesis Of A Diplomatic Fiasco

Continued from page 16

there was no way of prediciting against whom," he said. "It was decided both sides were going to do what they were going to do."

Apparently the decision to arrest Zakharov did not reach the president, Secretary of State George P. Shultz or White House chief of staff Donald Regan, according to administration officials.

The FBI decision was reviewed at an inter-agency meeting in mid-August that included Rodney McDaniel, National Security Council executive secretary and number three man on the NSC staff, and Michael H. Armacost, undersecretary of state and the third-ranking State Department official, according to administration officials. McDaniel later informed national security adviser John M. Poindexter, a knowledgable official said.

The decision to apprehend Zakharov was "not presented as any big deal," according to one source, and was justified as part of an implementation of a general crackdown on Soviet espionage in the United States, a step Reagan had authorized several months earlier.

The Soviets, however, remain convinced the decision to "entrap" Zakharov and hold him in jail was approved by the American president, according to one Soviet diplomat. Most U.S. officials similarly believe Soviet leader Gorbachev, who was on vacation, must have known about and approved the seizing of Daniloff.

The Zacharov-Daniloff incident has its roots in an ongoing secret "spy war" that has heated up over the past year with a spate of arrests, defections or trials of both Soviets and Americans involved in the business. One of the basic steps in this war is the recruiting of agents. Both sides do it around the world and within each other's national territories without second thought.

In Washington's eyes, the Soviet Union has a major advantage because of the ease of operating in the United States. According to the FBI, the largest number of Soviet recuriters, or "spotters," is buried within the Soviet contingent in New York, made up of some 600 employees of the United Nations and another 275 stationed in the separate Soviet diplomatic mission to the world body.

The Reagan administration, under conservative pressure, has made this presence a major issue, calling it "a nest of spies." Last March, Reagan issued an unprecedented order demanding that the number of diplomats in the Soviets' mission in New York be cut to 170 by April 1988. But because the Soviet contingent working at the United Nations itself is set by quota, the far larger number there cannot be cut back.

Ironically, the Soviets, such as Zakharov, who have been arrested for spying have all been U.N. employees, not members of the mission, which is the target of the U.S.-demanded cutback.

There are several unanswered questions about the FBI decision to move against Zakharov. His importance appears to have been largely symoblic; his recruitment of a Guyanan student in New York posed only a marginal threat to U.S. security interests, and he was about to return to the Soviet Union.

Zakharov, under FBI surveillance from the day he took the U.N. job, had for three years been cultivating the student to become a Soviet agent. The student, code-named "Birge," during the whole period was collaborating with the bureau. Birge was working for a company doing unclassifed defense work. His only access to classified information was what the bureau itself provided the *day of* Zakharov's arrest.

The Troubled Presidency Of Corazon Aquino

As the Philippines President makes her much-heralded visit to Washington, William Branigin examines her regime's chances of survival.

MANILA, Philippines — Less than seven months after she came to power in a largely peaceful uprising that was hailed around the world, President Corazon Aquino is in trouble.

As she heads to Washington for a crucial first meeting with President Reagan this week, the 53-year-old widow, commonly known here as "Cory," remains highly popular among her 55 million compatriots. But for all her unquestioned sincerity and good intentions, there are signs of growing pessimism about her ability to handle the country's problems. The euphoria that accompanied her "people's power revolution" has largely given way to a sense that these problems may overwhelm her in the difficult times ahead.

Her government increasingly is perceived to be floundering amid the wreckage left by the disastrous administration of deposed president Ferdinand Marcos. But it is also weighed down with problems of its own making. While she holds the middle ground and does her best to referee infighting in her fractious 26-member Cabinet, centrifugal forces inexorably are pulling apart her unwieldy coalition, riven by multiple party loyalties, ideological differences and personality clashes.

Compounding her problems have been new gains by the radical left, the questionable loyalty of some elements in the military, the failure of the business community to make anticipated investments, a volatile labor situation, nationwide feuding over the appointment of more than 1,600 governors and mayors, and the likelihood that the Aquino government will not have effective control of the future Congress. This assessment is based on interviews with government officials, military officers, communist rebels, church leaders, diplomats and a variety of other sources in different parts of the country over the last several months.

"Part of the problem is that Cory, having been brought to power as a sort of symbol who presides over warring groups, is not inclined to interfere with squabbles because she wants to be above it all," said a Cabinet minister. "She knows she is very popular, but the danger is that all these squabbles might engulf her." He added: "There's no doubt that everywhere Cory has gone, she has charmed people. She's honest and conducts herself in a high moral tone. But will she end up like Jimmy Carter?"

'Many of those who have criticized Aquino's government desperately want her presidency to succeed. "I'd like to see her make it; I really would," said one western military attache. "But she's surrounded by tigers and crocodiles".'

Similar expressions of concern have been aired by other prominent Aquino backers, notably the archbishop of Manila, Cardinal Jaime Sin. The spiritual leader of this predominantly Roman Catholic country, the only Christian nation in Asia, Sin was instrumental in mobilizing the church to support the military-led "revolution" that drove Marcos into exile in Hawaii. "Disunity shows its very ugly head," Sin said in a recent homily aimed at bickering government officials. "The gains of the revolution are little by little being lost."

Like Sin, many of those who have criticized Aquino's government desperately want her presidency to succeed. "I'd like to see her make it; I really would," said one western military attache. "But she's surrounded by tigers and crocodiles."

In an interview last week, Aquino did not deny that pessimism about her government's unity has set in, but she renewed appeals for patience and understanding. "I guess there were very great expectations," she said. "Many people believed that in the short space of six months, many of our problems would be solved. I guess this has disappointed some of them." On the other hand, she added, many Filipinos "realize that with the enormity of our problems and our limited resources, government cannot really act as fast as it would like to in solving these problems." She indicated that she was banking heavily on increased foreign investment to generate more employment.

Aquino also complained that some of her problems were being exaggerated by an unshackled local press. Manila alone now has 24 scoop-hungry daily newspapers, which compete for circulation totaling only about 2 million.

Indeed, a case can be made for the optimism publicly expressed by the Reagan administration and other U.S. officials, such as Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Richard G. Lugar, R-Ind., who visited here in August.

Having been vaulted into political prominence by the 1983 assassination of her husband, opposition leader Benigno Aquino Jr., the former housewife clearly has been "growing in the job" and steadily acquiring more confidence as the Philippines' seventh president.

Marcos loyalists still have a potential for disruption and outbursts of violence against the Aquino government, but they pose no serious threat of overthrowing it. The deposed Marcos, who turned 69 on Thursday, has been reduced to a grating voice in the Hawaiian wilderness, issuing dire warnings that World War III will erupt in the Philippines unless he returns to power. Equally implausibly, his wife, Imelda, now complains that Aquino is wearing one of the 3,000 pairs of shoes left behind in Malacanang Palace.

Besides showing greater self-confidence, Aquino has upheld her reputation for common sense, honesty and integrity — virtues generally agreed to be badly needed in the country today after the Marcos era. And, as much as she says she harbors no ambition for power, Aquino expresses a determination to succeed. "I am not one to give up very easily," she said in the interview."

Yet, a wide range of sources agree, the reasons for pessimism about her government these days outweigh the positive factors. In the interview, Aquino said she was a member of no political party, although she ran for president under the banner of her vice president's party. She has spurned suggestions from supporters that she form her own party, explaining that "there are enough political parties and I do not want to add more confusion."

Some supporters fear that this disdain for dirtying her hands in politics will further undermine the effectiveness of her government when Filipinos vote in local and legislative elections set for next year. "In effect, she is abdicating the political leadership, and this will have very dangerous repercussions in Congress," said the mayor of a large provincial city. "Being an apolitical person, she cannot conceptualize the need for a political organization to support her presidency. The dynamics of governance are not perceived by her. She expects people to follow her because she has good intentions."

In contrast to the directionless drift that is widely attributed to the Aquino government, communist rebels and their leftist allies have emerged as the only unified force with a clear, common goal. The left has recovered, both rebel and military sources agree, from the isolation and disarray it displayed immediately following the February 22-25 "revolution" that brought Aquino to power in the wake of the victory claimed by Marcos in a rigged presidential election.

In a rare public admission of a "major tactical blunder," the Communist Party of the Philippines acknowledged in May that it had erred in promoting a boycott of the February 7 national election, a *policy that isolated it from the* anti-Marcos upheaval that followed. Now, after a period of "self-criticism and rectification," including leadership changes, the outlawed party and its armed wing, the New People's Army (NPA), have adjusted their strategy and appear again to be making headway in their 17-year-old "people's war."

Mrs Aquino: asks for patience.

Elements of the country's 250,000-member armed forces, meanwhile, appear to be growing increasingly frustrated with what they see as the Aquino administration's naive approach to the insurgency and communist influence in government. Some officers close to Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile, the Philippines' leading anti-communist crusader, now openly discuss the prospect of staging a military coup sometime in the future if the perceived leftward drift becomes intolerable.

"If Cory Aquino is seen as continually being soft on communists to the point they become too strong, she will have to contend with a military that is very agitated," said a member of an armed forces reform movement that spearheaded the revolt against Marcos. "If the military has to launch a corrective movement, I don't think it will be bad for the Filipinos," he added. He said there would be "no martial rule" and that the military would "just kill a few NPAs."

The economy, so damaged by the "crony capitalism" and outright plunder of Marcos' 20-year rule, has shown signs of improvement. But there is widespread concern that the gains may be too small and come too slowly to resolve some of the underlying causes of the insurgency.

Contributing to this concern is the realization that the United States, for all its good will toward the Aquino government, will apparently prove incapable of supplying the massive aid that many here had hoped would amount to a new Marshall Plan for the Philippines.

Part of the problem is that the business community, which provided crucial support for Aquino in the February election, is mired in a Catch-22. Businessmen are reluctant to invest because of uncertainty arising mainly from the communist insurgency. But progress in undercutting the insurgency depends largely on an economic turnaround, which requires business confidence and new investments. An exasperated Aquino made matters worse, some businessmen believe, by publicly scolding the business community in a recent speech, accusing it of timidity.

A major worry for the business community has been the wave of strikes it has suffered since Aquino assumed the presidency and installed a leftist human rights lawyer, Augusto Sanchez, as labor minister. Many of the strikes have been called by the militant Kilusang Mayo Uno (May 1 Movement), a labor federation dominated by the Communist Party. So far this year, the Labor Ministry has recorded 428 strikes, a figure that already exceeds the 371 strikes called in 1985.

Another source of trouble for the Aquino government is the Constitutional Commission, a 48-member body appointed by Aquino in May to draft a new constitution that will pave the way for local and legislative elections, probably early next year. The commission, beset by bickering and long-winded debates between a minority leftist bloc and a more conservative majority, has missed an informal September 2 deadline set by Aquino for completing its work. In the process, it has delved into areas that some critics feel would be better left to a legislature, such as setting the ratio of foreign equity in business enterprises, a subject of intense debate that led to a walkout by the leftist bloc amid condemnation of what it called "the tyranny of the majority."

So many clauses are being inserted into the charter, wrote one critic of the commission, columnist Maximo Soliven, that "I am surprised that up to now nobody has suggested that the draft constitution prescribe the brand of toothpaste to be used by every Filipino."

According to a Cabinet minister and other political sources, the commission may already have thrown a major obstacle in front of the Aquino government by passing a provision for a bicameral legislature consisting of a nationally elected Senate and a House of Representatives elected by district. The sources said that, based on past experiences, such a system was likely to prove tedious and time-consuming. Senators have tended to spend their time posturing as future presidents, they said, and district — instead of province-wide — elections of representatives have served to perpetuate the dynasties of political warlords. A unicameral legislature might be more suitable for the Philippines, these observers said.

"The purse and legislation will be controlled by Congress, and it will be the most independent one you've ever seen in the history of the country," said a Cabinet minister. Given the fractious political situation and splits in the Aquino coalition, he predicted, "The government will lose control of Congress and will not be able to accomplish anything. In the end, the bicameral system will be more conducive to a stalemated government."

Perhaps the most divisive factor in the Aquino government has been the appointment of "officers in charge" to replace the 74 governors, 60 city mayors and 1,520 town and village mayors elected or appointed under the Marcos government. The appointments have been the responsibility of the minister of local governments, Aquilino Pimentel Jr., an ambitious former mayor who was once jailed by Marcos on subversion charges for allegedly helping communist rebels.

'Contributing to this concern is the realization that the United States for all its goodwill toward the Aquino government, will apparently prove incapable of supplying the massive aid that many here had hoped would amount to a new Marshall Plan for the Philippines.'

Pimentel is a leader of the PDP-Laban party, a left-of-center group headed by the president's brother, Jose (Peping) Cojuangco. Members of the United Nationalist Democratic Organization, a rival party known as UNIDO and headed by Vice President Salvador Laurel, have accused Pimentel of appointing a disproportionate number of his own party members as governors and mayors to further his own presidential aspirations. Pimentel denies this.

Nevertheless, it is clear that the fortunes of Laurel's UNIDO have waned under the Aquino government, and he has openly broached the prospect of allying with a conservative opposition group, the Nacionalista Party, in the forthcoming local and congressional elections. The latter party was formed recently by a protege of Defense Minister Enrile and is widely viewed as a vehicle for his own presidential ambitions. Most of its members are defectors from Marcos' once-powerful New Society Movement party, which split after his ouster.

All this raises the likelihood, according to political analysts, that the PDP-Laban will line up in the next elections with the newly formed Partido Ng Bayan, which is essentially a legal communist party put together by Jose Maria Sison, the founding chairman of the Communist Party of the Philippines, and Bernabe Buscayno, alias Commander Dante, the original leader of the communist New People's Army. Both were released from prison by Aquino.

At the Partido Ng Bayan's founding congress in Manila on Aug. 30, Sison said the party's participation in elections would be "secondary" to "extralegal forms of struggle," which he did not define. Party officials said they expected to win 20 percent of the 1,900 positions that will be at stake in the local and congressional elections.

According to leaders of the communist underground, the formation of the Partido Ng Bayan reflects a major shift in Communist Party strategy.

"To us, it doesn't matter how you win power," one party official said.

Bookhunter At Large

By Michael Dirda

WHERE did the idea ever ... that ... retiring ... little dotty, book dealers and coll... and briar pipes? ing folk, probably ... of some of the invariably ... Here I ... or runners, in London ... look like rugby players. It ... on a Saturday morning and ... huddled three-deep around a canvas-covered table, eyeing one another like jealous hyenas afraid of missing a choice bit of haunch. Fortunately, I feel ready for the book frenzy to come, being a veteran from early childhood of Doorbuster Specials and Crazy Day Sales, carefully trained in the quick grab by a mother of exceptional shopping brilliance and ferocity. Besides I have dashed through the doors with Washington's best at such annual stampedes as the Vassar, Brandeis, and Goodwill Book Sales. I know what to expect.

Or do I? My friend John Clute, collector extraordinaire of science fiction and much else, is across from me, chatting amiably with a guy who specializes in German literature, but all the while flexing his shoulders and elbows, jockeying for position, his right hand poised above the Laurence Binyon set of Dante not quite covered by the canvas. John's been a regular here for years, as have the two dozen or so other collectors who know that the best book bargains in London come from George Jeffrey's barrows on Farringdon Road. George, who recalls a character out of Dickens — ruddy, round cheeks, thick London accent, blue shop coat — has been scurrying about shifting triple-decker novels, bound magazines, and vellum folios from his dilapidated van to the various plank tables, occasionally stopping for a sip of coffee from the thermos he carefully places on the stone wall nearby. Holding the sole remaining license to sell books on the streets of London, he rules his pocket borough with an iron hand and a child's petulance. He never tells customers which ... he ... of his tables will be unv... and whip has been known to ... Blackstone-like and then scuttle ... enjoy the agonized ... off its green ... that result. One of ... here mumbles about sadism. ... morning George starts with his ... While most of us wait for the one-quid books, those with more refined taste hurry down to where George offers up 18th-century sets of Johnson and Collins, early leather-bound Bibles, sets of the *Boy's Own Paper*, anything that he deems of more than ordinary value. A sleek, goateed figure leans closely over the table and, as soon as George grasps a volume, shouts "Yes, George," never waiting to see the title or hear the asking price. Occasionally, two voices ring out, and without a word the Iron Chancellor flips a coin, glancing at one of the disputants to make the call. When George hefts seven or eight volumes of P. G. Wodehouse, I think of losing my place over them. "None of 'em are right. Six quid for the lot." I like Wodehouse and would be happy with even non-firsts, but I am too slow and a guy my age snaps them up. It's Ike Ong, the Chinese owner of Skoob (books spelled backwards), one of the best second-hand shops in London.

By now our table is getting restless. George ignores us and the tension mounts. Should I move down to the auction area, where all the action is? I study Clute, who doesn't budge, and I stay in place. Without warning George is suddenly in our midst, tugging away the tarp; for a moment I see the books as though in freeze-frame — something by Wyndham Lewis, Walter de la Mare's *Broomsticks*, Hermann Broch's *The Sleepwalkers*, odd volumes of Churchill's history of the Second World War, thin pamphlets of unknown character, Ordnance Survey Maps, little blue Oxford World Classics, a volume of Barry Pain stories, Henry King's poems, bound numbers of *The Strand* magazine, and more and more — but then the world is a flurry of hands grabbing, arms reaching, elbows poking. My glasses are knocked from my face; no one hears my yell. I pick them up quickly with one hand and seize a copy of Sacheverell Sitwell's *Southern Baroque Art* with the other. Stuffing it under my arm, I reach down groping blindly for book after book, dropping most, saving a few. Within 90 seconds,



Browsing in a specialist London bookshop.

my arms laden, I tote my treasures off to the wall where I stack them next to Clute's. The fury of the bibliomanes has begun to calm down now, and I look more coolly through the rejects. After all, one man's trash . . . But this quiet lasts only a moment, because there are other tables, other tarps, other treasures. For a moment I glance up in the midst of this chaos of paper and bookcloth and think: This is heaven.

Indeed, for anyone who collects second-hand books, England remains a paradise. For one thing, you can find English books — and real first-edition collectors "follow the flag." If you collect John Fowles or John le Carré or any other British writer, you will want the English first editions of their books, the only true firsts. Of course, since the British tend to value dust jackets a lot less than Americans — a very healthy attitude in my opinion — fanatics may find it harder to find copies "mint in dj." Still the books are there, in bookshops as pleasant and varied as those of Washington.

Anyone contemplating a book-buying trip to London should certainly stop by Farringdon Road (between Clerkenwell and Cowcross), if only to watch. But there are plenty of calmer, less perilous places to acquire books. Consider, for instance, the G. Heywood Hill Book Shop in Mayfair. Only a few blocks from Harrods, just around the corner from Thomas Goode's china emporium (purveyors to the royal family), and literally next door to Trumper's (perfumers to the same folk), Heywood Hill is nothing if not genteel. Nancy Mitford used to clerk here; people like Evelyn Waugh once stopped in frequently; those elegant men of letters, Harold Acton and Paul Horgan, still order regularly from their homes in Italy and America.

Located in a rowhouse at 10 Curzon Street, the shop handles both new and old books, with an emphasis on literature, biography, history — just what a gentleman would like to read at his club. I noticed all six volumes of the ultra-literary, witty, unashamedly Tory letters of George Lyttelton and Rupert Hart-Davis. The secondhand shelves proffered novels by Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens; *The Best of Friends: Letters to Sir Sydney Cockerell* (which I bought in memory of Noel Perrin's enthusiastic "Rediscovery" in *Book World*); Grierson's edition of Donne in two volumes. While I browsed though the stock, the phone rang repeatedly and was picked up by young shop assistants who might fit the poster image of the Sloane Ranger. The manager pottered about in an old gray cardigan and totted up bills on the backs of envelopes. While I was there, the collective staff turned over half the standard references to verify some bibliographical problem about Winston Churchill. Finally, the children's section — in the basement — proved absolutely superb, its manager extremely knowledgeable, and the books a bargain: I found three volumes of Alan Garner's *Stone Book* quartet, all firsts at their original £1.95 price. Of course, I had to scour all London to find the fourth book — and then pay a premium for it. (It was *Granny Reardun* and I finally located it at Waterstone's in Charing Cross, where it was the only Garner on the shelf).

All in all, Heywood Hill, like Farrindon Road, should be a stop on any bibliographic tour of London. Besides, you can then visit Trumper's as I did, where I heard a tweedy-bosomed dowager say in the most elevated of upper-class accents: "Is the Brigadier ready yet?"

A Guide To Second-hand Bookshops In London And Oxford

THE book-collecting visitor to London should aim to acquire two books right off: *The Bookshops of London* by Martha Redding Pease and *Driff's Guide to All the Second-Hand and Antiquarian Bookshops in Britain*. The two are as different as Farringdon Road and Heywood Hill, but both are essential. Pease covers new, used and antiquarian shops, offers addresses, telephone numbers, nearby Underground stations, and each store's special expertise. Driff's focus is both wider and narrower, but what makes his guide special is the commentary: Driffield — no one knows his first name and he goes simply as Driff — mocks, libels, and blasts his subjects with an undisguised glee, verging on scurrility. He is the John Simon or Joan Rivers of second-hand book runners. Hatchards "always looks like a country house where they have been selling off the library & put the bks sideways so that nobody will notice". Of B. Stone's, "I'm always keen on children's *bksps, there is never any fear of children* being allowed in the places". Driff also publishes a biweekly magazine, called simply *Driff's*, equally vituperative and useful (three issues offered poet-dealer Ian Sinclair's comprehensive catalogue of the beats), but somewhat hard to come by. It is carried by Compendium (234 Camden High St. NW1, 485-8944), though, the best of London's leftish-feminist-alternative bookstores.

Some collectors, forced by well-meaning spouses or friends into museums, theaters and churches, may only have a limited time for their booking. Here, briefly annotated, are some of the notable biblio hot spots of London and Oxford.

LONDON

Skoob (15 Sicilian Ave. Southampton Row WC1; 404-3063): My favorite second-hand shop in London. A family business (you may find the Ongs at lunch or tea), with a good range of books on all topics. I picked up a signed Chesterton for £6. Some literary magazines. Reminiscent of D.C.'s Second Story Books.

Bertram Rota (30 Long Acre WC2, 831-0723); **Bernard Quaritch** (5 Lower John St. W1, 734-2983); **Pickering and Chatto** (17 Pall Mall SW1, 930-2515): Less book shops than book sanctuaries, anyone without a title is likely to feel intimidated here. Still, these are places book lovers should go, if only to glimpse the rarities.

Fantasy Centre (157 Holloway Road N1; 607-9433): Looks like a thrift shop, but is probably the best out-of-print store in London for fantasy and science fiction. Here I purchased the now scarce first volume of John Sladek's *Roderick* books. For new science fiction, check out **Forbidden Planet** (23 Denmark St, WC2, 836-4179) — though their New York shop is bigger and more extensive.

Any Amount of Books (103-105 Hammersmith Rd. W6, 603-9232): I can't help but think that grammar calls for Any Number of Books. This is perhaps the best of the Charing Cross second-hand shops.

Dillons *(Gower St. WC1, 636-1577): This is* the bookshop of the University of London, and worth a quick glance from anyone visiting the Courtauld. It has a marvelous brick baroque exterior. The new section is excellent, but the second-hand books are few and overpriced.

The Flask Bookshop (6 Flask Walk, NW3, 435-2693): Located in Hampstead, this shop is pleasantly crowded, and bargains are possible. John Clute picked up Peter Dickinson's *The Weathermonger*, his first book, for 50 pence; I found *Many Inventions* for a couple of pounds. This shop certainly offers a very pleasant change from all that fresh air, trees and wind out on the Heath.

Foyle's (119 Charing Cross Rd, WC1, 437-5660): Supposedly the biggest bookstore in the world and absolutely infuriating. No one knows anything; it's impossible to find the books you want; and the place is cavernous. Don't bother. For new books, try Waterstone's next door.

The Cottage Book Shop in Penn (Elm Road, Penn, 2632): If by chance you are motoring in the environs of London, check out this shop. Extremely cheap, the stock is enormously varied, and the shelves crammed with much that no one would ever want. Perfect for anyone thirsting for the essays of E. V. Lucas or Augustus Hare. Still, I picked up Kipling firsts for a pound a book, a charming little volume of Gunning's reminiscences of Cambridge for 40 pence, and the extremely hard-to-find novel by Daniel Vare, *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers* (another Perrin "Rediscovery"). The slightly pricier **Weatherheads** (58 Kingsbury, Aylesbury, 23153), in nearby Aylesbury, is also worth a visit. I picked up three of the classic Temple Dante translations there.

There are, of course, dozens of worthy book shops scattered throughout London. One sunny afternoon I sauntered down Islington's High Street — a very working-class neighborhood — and found three secondhand shops, all of them rather impromptu affairs, but in one of which I discovered Paul Ableman's *I Hear Voices* for 20 pence. Nearly all the street markets — Camden Passage, Camden Lock, Lower Marsh and the Cut — will offer old books, sometimes of quite good quality. Even Harrod's sells secondhand books — the older titles from its lending library. In Oxford I also wandered into a dealer's nook in the covered market, where I pounced on a first edition — second state, alas — of C. S. Lewis's *Out of the Silent Planet*, a book worth at least 20 times its asking price of a pound.

OXFORD

The best is **Robin Waterfield** (36 Park End St., 0865-721809): near the train station. Lower floors are antiquarian. Top floor has extensive holdings in forgotten fiction, but bargains can be found. Lots of those blue Oxford classics, back issues of *Horizon*, offprints from scholarly journals. Picked up two novels of Thomas Love Peacock, F. Anstey's collected fantasies, and an odd book of conversations: *Talking of Dick Whittington* by Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill, both popular *litterateurs* of the '40s whom I collect for slightly unfathomable reasons even to myself. (Both men write very well, though.) In three or four visits over as many years Waterfield's has never had any plastic bags for purchases. Fortunately, I had stopped earlier at the Bodleian Library, which anyone in Oxford should visit, and bought — as a gift — one of the handsome Bodleian book bags.

Blackwell's (48-51 Broad St., 0865-249111): Most of this Oxford classic's rare stuff is out at Fyfield Manor, which I didn't visit, partly because the second-hand books in town, though desirable to anyone of a scholarly bent, were somewhat dear. I was tempted by the Harold Williams' edition of Swift's *Tale of a Tub* — a favorite author in the standard text — but £15 seemed rather high. Instead I picked up a little paperback pamphlet of Gibbon's *Vindication* for a pound. Also be sure to seize on the free guide to the second-hand shops of Oxford. Anyone looking for European books should check out Blackwell's very good foreign language section.

Thornton's (11 Broad St., 0865-242939): Although this shop enjoys a good reputation as a scholarly second-hand resource, I found the shop assistants less unhelpful than ignorant, and most of the books out of reach: you need a ladder to get to the upper shelves and the ladder was impossible to move around easily. One also feels a bit like an intruder here; on the history floor the clerks were clearly more interested in their own correspondence than in helping an American find the letters of Edward Gibbon.

Swift's Turl Cash Bookshop (3 The Turl, 0865-240241): This proved a real find. The place looks stuffy and forbidding, but the manager was pleasant, didn't bother me, and there were a good half-dozen books I was happy to acquire: Julian Symons' biography of his brother A. J. Symons (known for *The Quest for Corvo*), *Johnson's England* (a two volume set of essays on the 18th century), an English first of Italo Svevo's *As a Man Grows Older*, a pocket edition of Clarendon's history. The prices were fair, but the store takes cash only, so make sure you've stopped at the bank.



The Gamekeeper's Cottage — etching (1929) by Robin Tanner.

The genuine article

By Jill Tweedie

I HAVE learned a few salutary lessons, these months in the country, but none more unexpected than the realisation that the prides and prejudices labelled "taste" or "aesthetic appreciation" or whatever is an essentially urban frivolity of the Marie-Antoinette-playing-at-milkmaids variety are usually and properly ignored by those with any trace of a real milkmaid in their veins. And when urban ideas of taste are applied to country cottages, we enter cloud cuckoo land.

As anybody knows who wasn't brought up in one, the country cottage is the Shangri-La of countless city dreamers, the longed-for light at the end of the traffic-choked tunnel. Those dreams are fuelled by a horde of roses-round-the-door merchants — not least the suppliers of interior decorations and glossy "country" magazines, who profitably cater for and constantly entrench the already unreal urban view of how a country cottage should look, inside and out.

Until recently, I unhesitatingly subscribed to this view and its knee-jerk corollary: that country people, though certainly crammed with all kinds of age-old wisdoms, tended to have one large and regrettable lacuna — the proper preservation of their own homes. It was a well known fact (was it not?) that country cottages were ruined by country folk.

For a start, their ancestors often built the cottages in the wrong place, cheek by jowl with others instead of in desirable isolation and, on top of that, positioned them in the wrong way, with their windows perversely averted from The View. Thank goodness, then, that they had had no choice but natural building materials and so could hardly help but produce a thing of beauty. Which is (come *nearer, so I can talk behind my* hand) more than can be said of their descendants. I mean, do *they* cherish those hand-hewn beams, those brick or quarry slate floors, those wonderful stone or pargetted or wattle and daub walls, those inglenook fireplaces, those thatched roofs? Do they hell!

"They don't know what they've *got*," I used to wail to London friends. "Imagine! They've hidden the beams under gruesome tiles. They've covered the flagstones with carpet and lino. They've put radiators across the panelling, they've filled in the inglenook, they've pulled off the thatch. *They've pebble-dashed the walls!*" And to sympathetic squeaks of outrage, we would settle down to exchange horror stories on Desecrations I Have Seen. What? *No!* Yes, and what's more . . . *Unbelieveable!*

Nevertheless, I went on searching for a Shangri-La that had survived the vandals. Time and again I entered fine little cottages, to reel out gibbering. *Another* avocado suite where a clawed bath had once been. *Again* brick floor ruined by stick-down tiles. *Again* a kitchen extension that distorted perfect proportions. There ought to be a law. In my case, perseverance was rewarded. At last, here it was. Is. The genuine rural article, isolated, honeysuckled, original, untouched. A pity, to be sure, that it also had windows carefully turned from The View. A pity that it had not been sited beside the stream but oh, the slate floors, the inglenook, the stone, the utterly unfitted kitchen. Lucky old me.

Since that golden moment numerous rather less precious moments have passed and I have had to recognise the unbridgeable gap between a symbol and its reality, between beauty and practicality. A humbler and wiser woman now, I know a truth. Everything that looks great about a house is a killer, everything that is a visual drawback is a life-saver and you can stuff that in your glossy magazines. Windows set against The View are also set against howling north-easterly gales. Streams well away from a house do not come knocking at the door during Hurricane Charley. Those ancestral builders knew a thing or two after all and so do their descendants.

They know, for instance, that most of the heat from an inglenook fire goes straight up the grand old chimney. They know that uncarpeted stone, slate or brick floors set you up for arthritic seizures; that bare pegged-oak boards require endless polishing and, besides, tell you all too much about what's going on overhead. They are well aware that though unplastered stone walls please the eye, they put a terminal chill on *the liver; that beams are a short* cut to permanent brain damage, thatch costs an arm and a leg to keep going and roses-round-the-door mean entrance and exits through a gauntlet of angry bees. They know from long and bitter experiences that original features are choc-a-bloc with original sins. So, in the interests of survival, they get rid of them.

So far, I have resisted the temptation to order carpets, insulating tiles, sheets of inglenook-filling chipboard. Old brainwashing dies hard and some must sacrifice their all to conservation. But I'll tell you one thing. If you wish to lay the ghost of rural nostalgia, visit a Londoner in a bleak, cold, damp, draughty, purist time-warp. And when the blood congeals, move on to a real countrywoman's country cottage. Quiet, warm, cosy, functional, with a double-glazed-cedarwood-vestibule round the door.

A tale of a tub

By Martin Walker in Moscow

APART from the Eisenstein film about the battleship named after him, Prince Potemkin lives on in modern Russian memory for a brilliant piece of Kremlin-spoofing which has lasted through Tsars and Commissars alike. When the Empress Catherine the Great was visiting the territories of New Russia her governor Prince Potemkin erected eight villages to convince his short-sighted monarch that her ambitious colonisation scheme had been far more successful than was, in fact, the case.

And just as British Rail is (or perhaps was), famous for sprucing up the lavatories whenever the Royal train comes within shunting distance, so local Soviet officials like to put on a good show whenever the Kremlin pays them a visit.

The practice has now become endemic, and applies to Western tourists and journalists and official guests alike. We are shown the things deemed suitable to see, and *I have yet to tour a Soviet factory or* collective farm without smelling the fresh paint and feel that somehow the entire thing had been rehearsed.

But thanks to the error of a booking clerk at the Moscow offices of Morflot, the Soviet shipping line, we have been privileged to get a long and rather grim peek behind the Potemkin curtain. It was not nice.

We took our summer holidays in Greece, and went there on a Soviet cruise ship from the Black Sea port of Odessa, through the Dardanelles and on to the Athens port of Piraeus. The journey out was luxurious, on the good ship Belorussia which had just returned from a lavish refit in West Germany.

The bars were plush and well stocked and offered a different speciality cocktail every day. There was waitress service round the swimming pool, a wine waiter offering French and German vintages in the dining room, private bathrooms in all the cabins, and a disco that only opened at midnight and went on till dawn.

All payments were, of course, in hard currency, since this sort of thing is not laid on for the rouble customers. The only Russians on the boat apart from the crew were diplomats returning to their posts in Europe, and they had special hard currency rouble certificates which they quickly used to buy up the duty-free perfume and designer jeans in the boutiques.

It was the kind of ship and cruise and service that any company could be proud of, and the mainly French and German passengers were evidently delighted with it all. "This Gorbachev is really getting the country's act together," one of the Frenchmen said over a late night cognac, and indeed, the evidence seemed to be serenely all around us.

So after our time on the beaches we were looking forward to the return voyage on the Lev Tolstoy and arrived at the port of Piraeus at 5pm, clutching the tickets which said clearly that the cruiser sailed at nine. Not so. It had sailed at two. The Morflot agent instantly and courteously accepted responsibility, and promised us a cabin on the next available ship to Odessa. It was called the Bashkiria, but I shall always think of it as the Potemkin. Twenty years old, small and shabby, she was carrying a ship load of more than 300 Syrian and Sudanese students to their subsidised studies at Russian universities. This was not a ship to earn hard currency, but part of the foreign aid business.

We found two lavatories on the boat which required much cleaning before use. This was tricky since we have two small children. We had a wonderful row with the cabin steward who wanted the children to sleep in one bunk while he put an Arab student in with us. The swimming pool remained empty throughout the trip until passionate appeals got it filled at 5pm on the last day of the voyage.

The food was terrible, and there was no wine waiter since there was no wine. We ate in shifts, and I finally got a shower by invading the crew's quarters.

Nonetheless the good ship Potemkin brought us back to Russian soil and I am now pursuing my complaint through Morflot in Moscow, demanding at least that they reimburse me for the extra three nights of hotel rooms I had to buy in Athens. So far they have been reluctant to settle and I am about to embark upon a fascinating adventure of launching a writ through the Soviet legal system. I will keep you informed of progress

Declamations of Waugh

By Polly Toynbee

ON THE cover of his book Auberon Waugh appears, glass of port in hand, leaning against the column of a small gazebo while behind him our great institutions burn [illegible] to the ground by the [illegible] classes, wimmin, p[illegible] and National Fr[illegible] Britain Alternative [illegible]nking band of presen[illegible] civilised English [illegible] are beleaguered by [illegible]wing barbarian hordes of [illegible], bores, social workers, Jews, blacks, the proletariat and, above all, Shirley Williams, whom he holds responsible for all the above.

What chance would an interviewer from the Guardian stand against such a man? To take him seriously is to invite the accusation of predictable humourlessness. But is he to be dismissed as nothing more than a venial hack, or a joke, if something of a bad joke?

"Well, one does ham it up," he says when asked if he really means what he writes. But yes, he does mean it, mostly. A collection of his Spectator articles is published this month. Taken together, they make a pretty unpalatable read — splenetic, snobbish, nasty, arrogant — essentially serious but lightly disguised with an icing of jokes.

"One," as he would say, was in two minds about whether to meet him or just to write what "one" thought about him. Disarmingly charming, I was warned. Indeed he is affable enough, polite, a little shy, certainly not fierce. His voice, clipped and precise, is studiedly old fashioned — a voice from the BBC sound archives. Interviewing him in the tiny office of the Literary Review, the magazine he now edits, in a room full of his young staff was not easy.

"Certainly I see proletarian culture as a threat," he says. "Everywhere proletarian appetites are prevailing. It's not a capitalist conspiracy to give them pap. If they wanted something else they'd be given it. Of course one protects one's own appetites and amusements. A docker in Liverpool wants more of what he likes — sausage and mash and all that . . ." he says waving his hands in the air. (Is the anachronism of the Liverpool docker deliberate?)

He is the elitist who dares to speak its name. Waugh is no longer a maverick, but he has the nerve to write down what is being said over a hundred influential dinner tables at night in London. What he prints boldly is to be heard in the bars and on the terraces of the House of Commons among Tory back benchers of the onfish tendency. The wiser among the rightwing establishment may moderate their tones in public, but Waugh prints what they only dare to say privately among themselves.

Waugh, the clown, gives heart to the boors and the selfish who laugh with him as he writes that there is no need to feed or house the poor, for they are mostly imbeciles and idlers. Government must save the elite from the clutches of the ignorant masses. Good Christians need only look to their own private salvation and not worry about the plight of others. All government spending is folly; the money always fetches up in the purses of the social workers and not the poor. Interfering with man's natural inequality is absurd, dangerous and impossible. All things modern are an abomination. Long live the past.

"But I am not a political person," he claims, perversely. "I have a hatred of all politicians. They are all mad. All have a serious character failing." He curls his lip and mimics as he says: "They talk of Idealism, wanting to Create a Better Brit[illegible] for many [illegible] Shirley Williams

Of [illegible] detestation. He [illegible] long as there is breath [illegible] body I shall seek to punish, [illegible]orment, humiliate and ridicule this loathsome pig-headed woman for the damage she has done to her country." His excuse is her time as education Minister when she closed the last few grammar schools.

"She removed," he writes, "any prospect the working class child might ever have had of improving himself, escaping from the miserable proletarian rut which the workers' create for themselves wherever they have the upper hand." But there is more to his loathing than a laudable if unexpected *concern for the welfare of* working class children.

"Yes," he admits, she is a symbol for him. "She has done more harm to this country than Hitler." How? "She symbolises Decent, Reasonable, Middle-of-the-Road England, believing truth lies in compromise and common sense. And they always get it wrong. She has that ghastly sincere way of talking. I can't stand it." Would he have hated her as much if she'd been a man? "No, probably not." The moderates, he says, are the ones he hates. Extremists of any persuasion he tolerates.



Auberon Waugh

"There's no doubt her view is a Nicer, Kinder, Cosier view, where problems have solutions and the world can be made a Better Place." He sneers as he speaks and goes on to imply there is something so much more noble about facing the harsh reality of a world where nothing can be improved. In the next breath he says: "I'm really buggered if they go and put up the income tax again."

The book's blurb says Waugh's work "invites comparison with that of Jonathan Swift". But he belongs to a more disreputable tradition of British journalism — the professional "controversialist." It doesn't matter what he says, doesn't matter how true or false it is, doesn't matter if he believes it himself or not, so long as he keeps on shocking the readers. Facts are few and far between in his pieces — not, I suspect, from any endemic laziness in the man, but from a fear that a fact or two might confuse his prejudices.

"I like to stand against the prevailing orthodoxy," he says, casting himself in a somewhat heroic mould. But, after seven years of Conservative Government, his views have become very nearly the prevailing orthodoxy of the present establishment. "Yes," he says, "it is rather less funny to say what I say now. Seeing my views appear in Sun and News of the World leaders is no fun at all. One doesn't like to hear stupid people holding one's views." He says he detects himself, as a result, becoming increasingly liberal in recent articles, snobbery driving him away from his allies, recoiling in disgust from his own supporters.

He is The Spectator's figurehead, its jester, and The Spectator, like him, represents the old fashioned Christian reactionary right, rather than the "radical" right of Thatcher, Tebbit and the Institute of Economic Affairs. The reactionaries now, however, have become so triumphant and extreme that there is little to separate them from the "radicals" — except a snobbish distaste for Poujadist shopkeepers from Grantham.

He lives for half the week in a large mansion in Somerset, which has not one but eight wine cellars. He plans to retire when the cellars are full, in five years or so. He has four children and a wife who, he says, takes no particular exception to his writings. (He appears in this book to be broadly in favour of marital rape and wife-beating.)

He attacks anything to do with feminism. "If you scratch me hard enough, you might find that I do think it better for family life for a man to go out to work and for his wife to stay at home and look after the children, unjust though that may be."

An English gentleman is what he aspires to be, and he writes frequently of that state. He boasts of his inheritance of blue blood from the ancient line of Herberts on his mother's side. But most of his readers must be more keenly aware of his inheritance on his father's side. He affects his father's views — the snobbery, the Catholicism, the hatred of the unsmart, and the socially and culturally inferior. Evelyn Waugh was perhaps Britain's greatest novelist this century. He was a tortured, self-hating man, revealing episodes of madness in one book, all of which perhaps explained at least a part of his rude, violent, snobbish behaviour — the wound that powered the bow.

Poor 'Bron is but a Randolph to a Winston. He apes the outward bluster, the obnoxious views, the religion, the snobbery, the devotion to an ancient regime of which he was a member. But underneath, on the evidence of his writings, one suspects there is no tortured self-hate — only a man rather pleased with himself, complacent in his obnoxiousness. No wounds here, and only a tiny bow.

He is a disappointment even in the terms of his own writing. He describes himself several times as a "practitioner of the vituperative arts." But curiously his range of epithets is mainly limited to the prep school of the 1940s. His vocabulary of insults consists of unilluminating generalities — ghastly, horrible, silly, boring, disgusting, odious, repulsive, hideous and goodie-goodie.

Of course, his journalism looks worse collected together, for it is frequently repetitious—same jokes, same anecdotes. He can be very funny — but by the end of the book there isn't much to laugh at. The underlying smugness about his own cultural values leaves a nasty taste, and the sheer selfishness and contempt for all those not of his class palls once the shock wears off.

Meeting him was a disappointment, not to find a monster, or a brute, but only a rather weak and seedy sort of man, who, despite everything, seemed to want to please. His friends tell me that he is really rather thin skinned and vulnerable. He has no right to be, and it only adds cowardice to his catalogue of vices.

Another Voice, an Alternative Anatomy of Britain by Auberon Waugh is published by Firethrorn Press, £9.95.

Exile and the kingdom

By Waldemar Januszczak

THERE were a million stories in the naked city of London during the Blitz and of course Ludwig Meidner's was just one of them. But what a sad and peculiar story it was.

Before the war Meidner had been a noted painter and teacher of art in his native Germany. In Paris as a student he had been a close friend of Modigliani. In Germany Max Beckmann was his keenest supporter.

Successful, wealthy, Jewish, Meidner was 56 when war drove him into exile in London and he began his new career as a part-time caretaker in a morgue. During air raids he would sketch the corpses in his care. His portraits were then shown to relatives to help them identify the dead. On his return to Germany, Meidner lived out his life in various old people's homes, and died forgotten.

This is the same Ludwig Meidner whose contribution to the recent survey of German Art in the 20th Century, at the Royal Academy, was one of the show's great successes, a painter of dark, apocalyptic landscapes with huge ambitions. Meidner's smouldering wastelands were determined to stand for the spiritual state of the whole of Europe.

This same Meidner's sweaty, caretaker's face stares out at you with real fierceness near the start of Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-45, a sad collection of broken life-stories and crudely scrambled aesthetics.

War, like love, is a great and cruel leveller. That is the point made over and over again. Almost every artist in the show was an artist of note in Germany before Hitler's rise. Almost all of them came from a comfortable Jewish bourgeois home. Few avoided the aesthetic oblivion that greets and traps the artist in exile.

Some of their stories are now well known enough to have taken on a spurious romantic glow. Kurt Schwitters' obscure life and death in the Lake District has been enshrined in artistic folklore. He is the only major 20th century artist to have died in Britain and nobody even knew he was here.

Schwitters is hardly noticeable in the main body of the exhibition, represented by some of the dull realistic portraits with which he scratched out a living. But then, right at the end, in a tiny modernist enclave he shares with Naum Gabo, a choice selection of his collages and merz-works force the story of Art in Exile to run parallel for a moment with the story of modern art.

While Ludwig Meidner sketched corpses the constructivist Naum Gabo continued his pre-war search for the perfect curved grid. Gabo's delicate snow-white abstraction sits uncomfortably on the edge of the show like a dove among crows.

Unlike most of his co-exhibitors Gabo was taken up and sheltered by the English avant garde which is otherwise conspicuous by its absence here, both as an influence and as a support. Dominated by the polite French aesthetics championed by Roger Fry, British modernism stuck its silly Bloomsbury nose in the air and ignored the tough German realism which dominates these proceedings.

Herman Fechenbach is still alive, still working in isolation, still in England. Why he was never allowed to become a great post-war political caricaturist only the wilful gods of exile know. Fechenbach's line is as sharp as a bradawl. It attacks the image of Hitler like a guard-dog savaging a burglar.

The state of exile imposes aesthetic equality as drastically as it imposes the material variety. Interned on the Isle of Man in the ramshackle prison camp of Hutchinson Square, surrounded by barbed wire fences and jerry-built huts, the modernist architect Bruno Ahrends dreamed up a scheme for a futuristic high-rise rebuilding of Douglas. He then proposed a series of tower-block seaside resorts for the bombed coastal towns. Ahrends's hopeless modernist *dreams are among the most poignant* exhibits in an extremely poignant show.

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, who also arrived in Britain with a set of lofty Bauhaus ideals held firmly in his grasp, had to resort in the end to taking photographs of Eton schoolboys and illustrating The Streetmarkets of London.

But if Art in Exile's main ambition was to underline just how much great artistic talent was forced into Britain by the Nazis, it would, I think, have to be deemed unsuccessful. Schwitters is the only major artistic figure to play an important part in the show. Kokoschka, Heartfield, Gropius, Bruer, Moholy-Nagy make little more than token appearance.

Instead the organisers have deliberately concentrated on the lesser known artists and it is they who give Art in Exile its dark, mongrel air. Bits and pieces of achievement, whittled out of bits and pieces of career, have been raked out of the wartime rubble.



Fechenback's caricature of Hitler, 1943.

Moholy-Nagy, Gropius, Gabo, Breuer were so dismayed by the lack of encouragement they received in Britain that they all moved on to America quickly to revolutionise architecture and design.

Others like Fechenbach and F. H. K. Henrion whose belligerent, attention-grabbing posters are among the show's major rediscoveries, were either ignored totally or diverted into academia, where they spluttered away pleasantly but impotently.

Thus the final observation made by this dark and fertile show is not that much talent was saved but that a great opportunity was wasted.

Art in Exile at the Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3, until October 5.

Driven to the arms of a devil

THEATRE by Michael Billington

ANY lingering suspicion that Alan Ayckbourn is a boulevard lightweight should be ruthlessly dispelled by Woman In Mind at the Vaudeville. It is about female frustration, despair, and madness and shows its heroine torn between reality and fantasy, God and the Devil. Yet, without trivialising its subject, it also manages to be very funny. Much improved since its Scarborough premiere last year, it goes even further than Just Between Ourselves in pushing Ayckbourn's Comedy of Pain to its extremist limits.

Julia McKenzie plays (superbly) Susan, a middle-aged woman concussed by a blow on the head from a garden-rake. In the real world, she is tormented by the insufferable smugness of her vicar-husband, the lousy cooking and paranormal enthusiasms of her sister-in-law, and the unbroken silence of her son, who is part of a Trappist order in Hemel Hempstead.

After her concussion, she is prey to visitations from a fantasy-family for whom she is the perfect wife, mother, and sister, Britain's leading historical novelist and a cherished figure to be feted with Dom Perignon 1978 in mid-morning. What makes the play technically adventurous and spiritually unnerving is that Ayckbourn allows the two worlds to collide as Susan finally spirals into total madness.

As our leading feminist dramatist, Ayckbourn is obviously writing about what happens to women when they are made to feel redundant as wives and mothers. "Sex", Susan says to her husband, "was once something we did together like gardening — now I have to do that on my own as well."

Much of the play's comedy springs from the vivid hideousness of Susan's surroundings: the unspeakable husband who has neglected her for the sake of a 60-page history of the parish since 1386 and the appalling sister-in-law who sprinkles Earl Grey tea on the omelettes and who puts a visiting doctor to flight at the prospect of her dessert.

Ayckbourn is clearly writing about what drives women to distraction. But just as Way Upstream was a fable about evil, so this play, I believe, is really about the failings of modern religion. Susan's husband has turned the church into a specialised antiquarian interest. Her sister-in-law is the victim of psychic self-delusion and believes her dead husband is inscribing messages on her ceiling. And Susan's son represents a cranky, narcissistic sectarianism. Failed by God's representatives and Christian love, Susan literally flees into the arms of the Devil; and, although Ayckbourn is no Teilhard de Chardin, his play is quite astonishing in even airing spiritual issues on the degraded West End stage.

It is a much deeper play than it looks. It also works far better on a proscenium-stage than in-the-round because it is easier to establish the sheer otherness of Susan's alternative world: Roger Glossop's set and David Hersey's lighting create a sinister-seductive, J. M. Barrie-ish ambience full of receding poplars, marble statuary, Byzantine mazes. Ayckbourn's favourite set, a garden, turns from secret paradise into living nightmare.

Julia McKenzie also brings to Susan an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness, longing, hope, despair. Her face offers a total map of her emotions: one sees the light dim in her eyes as her son cruelly tells her she would have ruined any daughter as well. It is the performance of her career; and she is admirably abetted by Martin Jarvis as the cardiganed vicar who talks in italics as if he has a portable pulpit and by Peter Blythe as the secretly admiring doctor who hides his emotions behind a guilty, nervous bray.

Maybe Ayckbourn (who directs with utter assurance) hasn't quite cracked the problem of the surreal climax. What is remarkable is that our most popular playwright has written a savage tragi-comedy about the light that failed.

A rich reward

SOMETHING rich and strange is currently taking place at the Drill Hall in Chenies Street: a production by Tara Arts of The Broken Thigh, written in the 4th century BC by the Sanskrit playwright Bhasa and itself based upon the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata. In its epic form and non-realistic style, it offers a radical alternative to most of the theatre available in London. It is also, frankly, a good way of familiarising oneself with the story before the Peter Brook-Jean Claude Carriere version arrives in Britain next year.

For the average Western spectator it is not always easy: in Bhasa's compressed version, the dynastic rivalry between the Kauravas and the Pandavas sometimes seems as inextricable as the York-Lancaster conflict in Shakespeare's Henry VI would be to many Indian audiences (a small genealogical chart in the programme might not be a bad idea). I also still have difficulty coming to terms with the figure of Krishna who is both an all-knowing god full of wise saws ("A man lives a long life before realising the full extent of his dharma") and also someone who intervenes directly in the climactic war of destruction between the rival families. Fate determines the outcome; but Krishna is not above giving the underdogs a helping hand.

Jatinder Verma's production is worth seeing, however, partly because it is so different from our conventional expectations of drama: this is narrative theatre in which a story is told through language, action, dance and spectacle. The framework is provided by Krishna recounting to the child, Durjaya, the story of the boy's militant father, Duryodhana, "the one who is difficult to conquer". Duryodhana is constantly at war with his cousins, the Pandavas. He strives with one of them for the hand of the beautiful Draupadi, sets up a game of dice in which he strips them of their fortune and brings about their 13-year exile in a forest and eventually provokes the destruction of the earth in a titanic, climactic battle.

In Western terms, it is closer to Homer than Euripides. But Verma's production is surprisingly successful in conveying the epic arch of the story in a simple setting: a stony circle ringed by rocks and banners. For three hours (give or take the odd longueur) you are kept watching: above all, you are reminded that outside Western realism there is a world elsewhere.

BOOKS

Thugs of war

By Victoria Brittain

WITH THE CONTRAS, by Christopher Dickey, Faber, £12.50.
TURNING THE TIDE, US INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Noam Chomsky, Pluto, £5.95.

WHEN President Reagan addressed the nation recently to rally Congressional support for his $100 million in open support for Nicaragua's contras he said on television: "I ask for your help in remembering our history in Central America so we can learn from the mistakes of the past. Too often our government appeared indifferent when democratic values were at risk . . . The young men and women of the democratic resistance fight inside Nicaragua today in gruelling mountain and jungle warfare . . . Who among us would tell these brave young men and women — your dream is dead, your democratic revolution is over, you will never live in the free Nicaragua you fought so hard to build?"

President Reagan's speech-writers clearly haven't read Christopher Dickey's detailed and nasty account of the US relationship with these pathetic or crazed individuals.

Dickey was the Washington Post's correspondent in the area for nearly four years. In what seems like a strange fascination with the unheroic he spent much of his time with the contras in Honduras. Men whose nicknames reveal their lives — Suicide and El Muerto — became his companions. Their records as murderers and torturers with no political ideas or plans are spelt out in appalling descriptive passages. Dickey even went into Nicaragua with them on a destructive foray which nearly cost him his life.

In Miami, Tegucigalpa and Washington, Dickey talked to the men who invented this war. He joined the CIA chief William Casey and his men on a lightning two day trip to their Central American domains.

Later, he listened to the baffled educated Nicaraguan frontmen whom Casey's executives had paid and flattered and lied to about the early success of their war. Talking about Suicide and his men the leaders of the contras would explain to Dickey that the terrible brutality and killings were a special case "something like My Lai". Dickey knew better — My Lai only symbolised the everyday horror of Vietnam, and Suicide, before he was finally executed for his excesses, only symbolised the everyday mindless horror of what was then called the "Secret War" in Central America.

Today it is a public war and the Congress's $100 million is being boosted by another secret $400 million from the CIA, according to the Senate Democratic leader Robert Byrd.

By the end of Dickey's racy narrative the reader is left baffled as to how the most powerful country in the world has allowed a key plank of its foreign policy to depend on such an ineffectual bunch of thugs.

Noam Chomsky's ambitious and wide ranging book comes in just where Dickey leaves off. He pulls into a fascinating and coherent picture not just Reagan's contras in Nicaragua, but the foreign policy which underlies the new destructive "aid" feeding similar unwinnable wars in Angola and Mozambique.

With a similar concern to President Reagan's — of looking back at US relations with all Central America — Chomsky concentrates particularly on the background to the US backed wars in El Salvador and Nicaragua. With a wealth of detail, from US policy towards Ho Chi Minh, to the CIA coup in Guatemala in 1954, he illustrates the American pattern of turning their nationalist enemies into Soviet clients.

The blockade against Nicaragua, like the US aid to Savimbi in Angola, runs against US trade interests, pushing the country towards dependence on the Soviet Union but also, as Chomsky puts it, in favour of a more important US interest which is "to justify an attack against Nicaragua in defence of the Fifth Freedom — the US's freedom to rob and exploit" — a key concept in Chomsky's thought.

Chomsky's book will not, like Dickey's, be easy fashionable reading for those who enjoy mocking the outrageous lies and limited perceptions of Reagan's Washington. But in spite of its dense prose it is rich reading for anyone trying to understand how the majority in Congress came to collude with paying for squalid criminals to mutilate and murder teachers, nurses, priests and others organising peasants in Nicaragua for the dreams of education, health and the right to work for yourself.

Bankrupt in LA

By Clancy Sigal

LETTERS FROM HOLLYWOOD, by Michael Moorcock, with drawings by Michael Foreman (Harrap, £10.95).

THE only travel writers I trust are those with creatively bad tempers like Paul Theroux or someone like Michael Moorcock who is running away from his troubles. Moorcock, a Guardian fiction prize winner and science fantasy writer, fled to Southern California to escape wives, lawsuits, bankruptcy and several other London afflictions.

In a series of letters to the writer J. G. Ballard, he complains, moans, groans, lacerates himself and others — and it's terrific entertainment for the reader because throughout he never loses his sharp, shrewd, angry and affectionate eye for the often weird, tacky places he has a genius for ending up in.

Moorcock seems to function best when his back is to the wall. An "imminent bankrupt with two pairs of jeans and a cancelled credit card," like a loose tumbleweed he bounces around the unfashionable but most interesting parts of Los Angeles — San Fernando Valley, Venice beach, West Hollywood — where scuzz and ethnic and criminal and criminally ambitious mingle, sometimes violently, to create "the first real city of the future." (Quite correctly, he sees through San Francisco's waxen snobbery.)

While he's writing a script and watching a friend die, his sci-fi brain is soaking up LA's maddening, contradictory images: the street dogs howling in the night just before an earthquake, the police helicopters Vietnamising the city by constantly circling overhead, the commercial architecture that always turns out to be "authentic" copies not of something real but of a myth that was created originally in a Hollywood studio, the sun-blasted yet somehow comfortingly wide streets that seem to end up in yet another version of someone else's fantasy. Moorcock loves LA partly because it exceeds his own most lurid nightmares and yet manages to be "a Midwesterner's dream of a true homeland and . . . an extended Bournemouth . . punctuated by yuccas, by tiny swimming pools, by yards crowded with bougainvillaea and magnolia."

He knows LA's reputation as vulgar, trashy and insanely self-indulgent. But he also knows the real secret, that "you have to give yourself up to LA, body and soul, if you want to experience the city's real benefits." And you have to love its characteristic scent, "a mixture of motor oil and magnolias."

For a brief time out in his fractured life Moorcock lent himself to the city which gave him noisy respite, some money and these unimpeachable fresh letters. In the end he got a Hell's Angel friend to tattoo him with LA's unofficial motto: FAITH HOPE ANXIETY.

Declamations of Wa[illegible]

By Polly Toynbee

ON THE cover of his book Auberon Waugh appears, glass of port in hand, leaning against the column of a small gazebo while behind him our great institutions burn, [illegible] to the ground by the [illegible] classes, wimmin, [illegible] he and National [illegible] Britain Alternative [illegible]aking band of presen[illegible] civilised English [illegible] are beleaguered by [illegible]wing barbarian hordes of [illegible], bores, social workers, Jews, blacks, the proletariat and, above all, Shirley Williams, whom he holds responsible for all the above.

What chance would an interviewer from the Guardian stand against such a man? To take him seriously is to invite the accusation of predictable humourlessness. But is he to be dismissed as nothing more than a venial hack, or a joke, if something of a bad joke?

"Well, one does ham it up," he says when asked if he really means what he writes. But yes, he does mean it, mostly. A collection of his Spectator articles is published this month. Taken together, they make a pretty unpalatable read — splenetic, snobbish, nasty, arrogant — essentially serious but lightly disguised with an icing of jokes.

"One," as he would say, was in two minds about whether to meet him or just to write what "one" thought about him. Disarmingly charming, I was warned. Indeed he is affable enough, polite, a little shy, certainly not fierce. His voice, clipped and precise, is studiedly old fashioned — a voice from the BBC sound archives. Interviewing him in the tiny office of the Literary Review, the magazine he now edits, in a room full of his young staff was not easy.

"Certainly I see proletarian culture as a threat," he says. "Everywhere proletarian appetites are prevailing. It's not a capitalist conspiracy to give them pap. If they wanted something else they'd be given it. Of course one protects one's own appetites and amusements. A docker in Liverpool wants more of what he likes — sausage and mash and all that . . ." he says waving his hands in the air. (Is the anachronism of the Liverpool docker deliberate?)

He is the elitist who dares to speak its name. Waugh is no longer a maverick, but he has the nerve to write down what is being said over a hundred influential dinner tables at night in London. What he prints boldly is to be heard in the bars and on the terraces of the House of Commons among Tory back benchers of the oafish tendency. The wiser among the rightwing establishment may moderate their tones in public, but Waugh prints what they only dare to say privately among themselves.

Waugh, the clown, gives heart to the boors and the selfish who laugh with him as he writes that there is no need to feed or house the poor, for they are mostly imbeciles and idlers. Government must save the elite from the clutches of the ignorant masses. Good Christians need only look to their own private salvation and not worry about the plight of others. All government spending is folly; the money always fetches up in the purses of the social workers and not the poor. Interfering with man's natural inequality is absurd, dangerous and impossible. All things modern are an abomination. Long live the past.

"But I am not a political person," he claims, perversely. "I have a hatred of all politicians. They are all mad. All have a serious character failing." He curls his lip and mimics as he says: "They talk of Idealism, wanting to Create a [illegible]s for many Better Brit[illegible], Shirley Williams. Of [illegible]ial detestation. He [illegible]s long as there is breath [illegible] body I shall seek to punish, [illegible]orment, humiliate and ridicule this loathsome pig-headed woman for the damage she has done to her country." His excuse is her time as education Minister when she closed the last few grammar schools.

"She removed," he writes, "any prospect the working class child might ever have had of improving himself, escaping from the miserable proletarian rut which 'the workers' create for themselves wherever they have the upper hand." But there is more to his loathing than a laudable if unexpected concern for the welfare of working class children.

"Yes," he admits, she is a symbol for him. "She has done more harm to this country than Hitler." How? "She symbolises Decent, Reasonable, Middle-of-the-Road England, believing truth lies in compromise and common sense. And they always get it wrong. She has that ghastly sincere way of talking. I can't stand it." Would he have hated her as much if she'd been a man? "No, probably not." The moderates, he says, are the ones he hates. Extremists of any persuasion he tolerates.



Auberon Waugh

"There's no doubt her view is a Nicer, Kinder, Cosier view, where problems have solutions and the world can be made a Better Place." He sneers as he speaks and goes on to imply there is something so much more noble about facing the harsh reality of a world where nothing can be improved. In the next breath he says: "I'm really buggered if they go and put up the income tax again."

The book's blurb says Waugh's work "invites comparison with that of Jonathan Swift". But he belongs to a more disreputable tradition of British journalism — the professional "controversialist." It doesn't matter what he says, doesn't matter how true or false it is, doesn't matter if he believes it himself or not, so long as he keeps on shocking the readers. Facts are few and far between in his pieces — not, I suspect, from any endemic laziness in the man, but from a fear that a fact or two might confuse his prejudices.

"I like to stand against the prevailing orthodoxy," he says, casting himself in a somewhat heroic mould. But, after seven years of Conservative Government, his views have become very nearly the prevailing orthodoxy of the present establishment. "Yes," he says, "it is rather less funny to say what I say now. Seeing my views appear in Sun and News of the World leaders is no fun at all. One doesn't like to hear stupid people holding one's views." He says he detects himself, as a result, becoming increasingly liberal in recent articles, snobbery driving him away from his allies, recoiling in disgust from his own supporters.

He is The Spectator's figurehead, its jester, and The Spectator, like him, represents the old fashioned Christian reactionary right, rather than the "radical" right of Thatcher, Tebbit and the Institute of Economic Affairs. The reactionaries now, however, have become so triumphant and extreme that there is little to separate them from the "radicals" — except a snobbish distaste for Poujadist shopkeepers from Grantham.

He lives for half the week in a large mansion in Somerset, which has not one but eight wine cellars. He plans to retire when the cellars are full, in five years or so. He has four children and a wife who, he says, takes no particular exception to his writings. (He appears in this book to be broadly in favour of marital rape and wife-beating.)

He attacks anything to do with feminism. "If you scratch me hard enough, you might find that I do think it better for family life for a man to go out to work and for his wife to stay at home and look after the children, unjust though that may be."

An English gentleman is what he aspires to be, and he writes frequently of that state. He boasts of his inheritance of blue blood from the ancient line of Herberts on his mother's side. But most of his readers must be more keenly aware of his inheritance on his father's side. He affects his father's views — the snobbery, the Catholicism, the hatred of the unsmart, and the socially and culturally inferior. Evelyn Waugh was perhaps Britain's greatest novelist this century. He was a tortured, self-hating man, revealing episodes of madness in one book, all of which perhaps explained at least a part of his rude, violent, snobbish behaviour — the wound that powered the bow.

Poor 'Bron is but a Randolph to a Winston. He apes the outward bluster, the obnoxious views, the religion, the snobbery, the devotion to an ancient regime of which he was a member. But underneath, on the evidence of his writings, one suspects there is no tortured self-hate — only a man rather pleased with himself, complacent in his obnoxiousness. No wounds here, and only a tiny bow.

He is a disappointment even in the terms of his own writing. He describes himself several times as a "practitioner of the vituperative arts." But curiously his range of epithets is mainly limited to the prep school of the 1940s. His vocabulary of insults consists of unilluminating generalities — ghastly, horrible, silly, boring, disgusting, odious, repulsive, hideous and goodie-goodie.

Of course, his journalism looks worse collected together, for it is frequently repetitious—same jokes, same anecdotes. He can be very funny — but by the end of the book there isn't much to laugh at. The underlying smugness about his own cultural values leaves a nasty taste, and the sheer selfishness and contempt for all those not of his class palls once the shock wears off.

Meeting him was a disappointment, not to find a monster, or a brute, but only a rather weak and seedy sort of man, who, despite everything, seemed to want to please. His friends tell me that he is really rather thin skinned and vulnerable. He has no right to be, and it only adds cowardice to his catalogue of vices.

Another Voice, an Alternative Anatomy of Britain by Auberon Waugh is published by Firethorn Press, £9.95.

Exile and the kingdom

By Waldemar Januszczak

THERE were a million stories in the naked city of London during the Blitz and of course Ludwig Meidner's was just one of them. But what a sad and peculiar story it was.

Before the war Meidner had been a noted painter and teacher of art in his native Germany. In Paris as a student he had been a close friend of Modigliani. In Germany Max Beckmann was his keenest supporter.

Successful, wealthy, Jewish, Meidner was 56 when war drove him into exile in London and he began his new career as a part-time caretaker in a morgue. During air raids he would sketch the corpses in his care. His portraits were then shown to relatives to help them identify the dead. On his return to Germany, Meidner lived out his life in various old people's homes, and died forgotten.

This is the same Ludwig Meidner whose contribution to the recent survey of German Art in the 20th Century, at the Royal Academy, was one of the show's great successes, a painter of dark, apocalyptic landscapes with huge ambitions. Meidner's smouldering wastelands were determined to stand for the spiritual state of the whole of Europe.

This same Meidner's sweaty, caretaker's face stares out at you with real fierceness near the start of Art in Exile in Great Britain, 1933-45, a sad collection of broken life-stories and crudely scrambled aesthetics.

War, like love, is a great and cruel leveller. That is the point made over and over again. Almost every artist in the show was an artist of note in Germany before Hitler's rise. Almost all of them came from a comfortable Jewish bourgeois home. Few avoided the aesthetic oblivion that greets and traps the artist in exile.

Some of their stories are now well known enough to have taken on a spurious romantic glow. Kurt Schwitters' obscure life and death in the Lake District has been enshrined in artistic folklore. He is the only major 20th century artist to have died in Britain and nobody even knew he was here.

Schwitters is hardly noticeable in the main body of the exhibition, represented by some of the dull realistic portraits with which he scratched out a living. But then, right at the end, in a tiny modernist enclave he shares with Naum Gabo, a choice selection of his collages and merz-works force the story of Art in Exile to run parallel for a moment with the story of modern art.

While Ludwig Meidner sketched corpses the constructivist Naum Gabo continued his pre-war search for the perfect curved grid. Gabo's delicate snow-white abstraction sits uncomfortably on the edge of the show like a dove among crows.

Unlike most of his co-exhibitors Gabo was taken up and sheltered by the English avant garde which is otherwise conspicuous by its absence here, both as an influence and as a support. Dominated by the polite French aesthetics championed by Roger Fry, British modernism stuck its silly Bloomsbury nose in the air and ignored the tough German realism which dominates these proceedings.

Herman Fechenbach is still alive, still working in isolation, still in England. Why he was never allowed to become a great post-war political caricaturist only the wilful gods of exile know. Fechenbach's line is as sharp as a bradawl. It attacks the image of Hitler like a guard-dog savaging a burglar.

The state of exile imposes aesthetic equality as drastically as it imposes the material variety. Interned on the Isle of Man in the ramshackle prison camp of Hutchinson Square, surrounded by barbed wire fences and jerry-built huts, the modernist architect Bruno Ahrends dreamed up a scheme for a futuristic high-rise rebuilding of Douglas. He then proposed a series of tower-block seaside resorts for the bombed coastal towns. Ahrends's hopeless modernist dreams are among the most poignant exhibits in an extremely poignant show.

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, who also arrived in Britain with a set of lofty Bauhaus ideals held firmly in his grasp, had to resort in the end to taking photographs of Eton schoolboys and illustrating The Streetmarkets of London.

But if Art in Exile's main ambition was to underline just how much great artistic talent was forced into Britain by the Nazis, it would, I think, have to be deemed unsuccessful. Schwitters is the only major artistic figure to play an important part in the show. Kokoschka, Heartfield, Gropius, Bruer, Moholy-Nagy make little more than token appearance.

Instead the organisers have deliberately concentrated on the lesser known artists and it is they who give Art in Exile its dark, mongrel air. Bits and pieces of achievement, whittled out of bits and pieces of career, have been raked out of the wartime rubble.



Fechenback's caricature of Hitler, 1943.

Moholy-Nagy, Gropius, Gabo, Breuer were so dismayed by the lack of encouragement they received in Britain that they all moved on to America quickly to revolutionise architecture and design.

Others like Fechenbach and F. H. K. Henrion whose belligerent, attention-grabbing posters are among the show's major rediscoveries, were either ignored totally or diverted into academia, where they spluttered away pleasantly but impotently.

Thus the final observation made by this dark and fertile show is not that much talent was saved but that a great opportunity was wasted.

Art in Exile at the Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3, until October 5.

Driven to the arms of a devil

THEATRE by Michael Billington

ANY lingering suspicion that Alan Ayckbourn is a boulevard lightweight should be ruthlessly dispelled by Woman In Mind at the Vaudeville. It is about female frustration, despair, and madness and shows its heroine torn between reality and fantasy, God and the Devil. Yet, without trivialising its subject, it also manages to be very funny. Much improved since its Scarborough premiere last year, it goes even further than Just Between Ourselves in pushing Ayckbourn's Comedy of Pain to its extremist limits.

Julia McKenzie plays (superbly) Susan, a middle-aged woman concussed by a blow on the head from a garden-rake. In the real world, she is tormented by the insufferable smugness of her vicar-husband, the lousy cooking and paranormal enthusiasms of her sister-in-law, and the unbroken silence of her son, who is part of a Trappist order in Hemel Hempstead.

After her concussion, she is prey to visitations from a fantasy-family for whom she is the perfect wife, mother, and sister, Britain's leading historical novelist and a cherished figure to be feted with Dom Perignon 1978 in mid-morning. What makes the play technically adventurous and spiritually unnerving is that Ayckbourn allows the two worlds to collide as Susan finally spirals into total madness.

As our leading feminist dramatist, Ayckbourn is obviously writing about what happens to women when they are made to feel redundant as wives and mothers. "Sex", Susan says to her husband, "was once something we did together like gardening — now I have to do that on my own as well."

Much of the play's comedy springs from the vivid hideousness of Susan's surroundings: the unspeakable husband who has neglected her for the sake of a 60-page history of the parish since 1386 and the appalling sister-in-law who sprinkles Earl Grey tea on the omelettes and who puts a visiting doctor to flight at the prospect of her dessert.

Ayckbourn is clearly writing about what drives women to distraction. But just as Way Upstream was a fable about evil, so this play, I believe, is really about the failings of modern religion. Susan's husband has turned the church into a specialised antiquarian interest. Her sister-in-law is the victim of psychic self-delusion and believes her dead husband is inscribing messages on her ceiling. And Susan's son represents a cranky, narcissistic sectarianism. Failed by God's representatives and Christian love, Susan literally flees into the arms of the Devil; and, although Ayckbourn is no Teilhard de Chardin, his play is quite astonishing in even airing spiritual issues on the degraded West End stage.

It is a much deeper play than it looks. It also works far better on a proscenium-stage than in-the-round because it is easier to establish the sheer otherness of Susan's alternative world: Roger Glossop's set and David Hersey's lighting create a sinister-seductive, J. M. Barrie-ish ambience full of receding poplars, marble statuary, Byzantine mazes. Ayckbourn's favourite set, a garden, turns from secret paradise into living nightmare.

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Maybe Ayckbourn (who directs with utter assurance) hasn't quite cracked the problem of the surreal climax. What is remarkable is that our most popular playwright has written a savage tragi-comedy about the light that failed.

A rich reward

SOMETHING rich and strange is currently taking place at the Drill Hall in Chenies Street: a production by Tara Arts of The Broken Thigh, written in the 4th century BC by the Sanskrit playwright Bhasa and itself based upon the great Indian epic, the Mahabharata. In its epic form and non-realistic style, it offers a radical alternative to most of the theatre available in London. It is also, frankly, a good way of familiarising oneself with the story before the Peter Brook-Jean Claude Carriere version arrives in Britain next year.

For the average Western spectator it is not always easy: in Bhasa's compressed version, the dynastic rivalry between the Kauravas and the Pandavas sometimes seems as inextricable as the York-Lancaster conflict in Shakespeare's Henry VI would be to many Indian audiences (a small genealogical chart in the programme might not be a bad idea). I also still have difficulty coming to terms with the figure of Krishna who is both an all-knowing god full of wise saws ("A man lives a long life before realising the full extent of his dharma") and also someone who intervenes directly in the climactic war of destruction between the rival families. Fate determines the outcome; but Krishna is not above giving the underdogs a helping hand.

Jatinder Verma's production is worth seeing, however, partly because it is so different from our conventional expectations of drama: this is narrative theatre in which a story is told through language, action, dance and spectacle. The framework is provided by Krishna recounting to the child, Durjaya, the story of the boy's militant father, Duryodhana, "the one who is difficult to conquer". Duryodhana is constantly at war with his cousins, the Pandavas. He strives with one of them for the hand of the beautiful Draupadi, sets up a game of dice in which he strips them of their fortune and brings about their 13-year exile in a forest and eventually provokes the destruction of the earth in a titanic, climactic battle.

In Western terms, it is closer to Homer than Euripides. But Verma's production is surprisingly successful in conveying the epic arch of the story in a simple setting: a stony circle ringed by rocks and banners. For three hours (give or take the odd longueur) you are kept watching: above all, you are reminded that outside Western realism there is a world elsewhere.

WITH THE CONTRAS, by Christopher Dickey, Faber, £12.50.
TURNING THE TIDE, US INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA, by Noam Chomsky, Pluto, £5.95.

BOOKS

Thugs of war

By Victoria Brittain

WHEN President Reagan addressed the nation recently to rally Congressional support for his $100 million in open support for Nicaragua's contras he said on television: "I ask for your help in remembering our history in Central America so we can learn from the mistakes of the past. Too often our government appeared indifferent when democratic values were at risk . . . The young men and women of the democratic resistance fight inside Nicaragua today in gruelling mountain and jungle warfare . . . Who among us would tell these brave young men and women — your dream is dead, your democratic revolution is over, you will never live in the free Nicaragua you fought so hard to build?"

President Reagan's speech-writers clearly haven't read Christopher Dickey's detailed and nasty account of the US relationship with these pathetic or crazed individuals.

Dickey was the Washington Post's correspondent in the area for nearly four years. In what seems like a strange fascination with the unheroic he spent much of his time with the contras in Honduras. Men whose nicknames reveal their lives — Suicide and El Muerto — became his companions. Their records as murderers and torturers with no political ideas or plans are spelt out in appalling descriptive passages. Dickey even went into Nicaragua with them on a destructive foray which nearly cost him his life.

In Miami, Tegucigalpa and Washington, Dickey talked to the men who invented this war. He joined the CIA chief William Casey and his men on a lightning two day trip to their Central American domains.

Later, he listened to the baffled educated Nicaraguan frontmen whom Casey's executives had paid and flattered and lied to about the early success of their war. Talking about Suicida and his men the leaders of the contras would explain to Dickey that the terrible brutality and killings were a special case "something like My Lai". Dickey knew better — My Lai only symbolised the everyday horror of Vietnam, and Suicida, before h[e] was finally executed for his ex[...]cesses, only symbolised the every[...]day mindless horror of what w[...] then called the "Secret War" i[...] Central America.

Today it is a public war and t[...] Congress's $100 million is bei[...] boosted by another secret $4[...] million from the CIA, according [...] the Senate Democratic leader R[...]ert Byrd.

By the end of Dickey's r[...] narrative the reader is left baf[...] as to how the most powe[...] country in the world has allow[...] key plank of its foreign polic[...] depend on such an ineffec[...] bunch of thugs.

Noam Chomsky's ambitious [...] wide ranging book comes in [...] where Dickey leaves off. He [...] into a fascinating and cohe[...] picture not just Reagan's con[...] in Nicaragua, but the for[...] policy which underlies the [...] destructive "aid" feeding sin[...] unwinnable wars in Angola [...] Mozambique.

With a similar concern to P[...]dent Reagan's — of looking bac[...] US relations with all Cen[...] America — Chomsky concentr[...] particularly on the backgroun[...] the US backed wars in El Salv[...] and Nicaragua. With a wealt[...] detail, from US policy towards [...] Chi Minh, to the CIA coup [...] Guatemala in 1954, he illustr[...] the American pattern of turn[...] their nationalist enemies into [...]viet clients.

The blockade against Nicarag[...] like the US aid to Savimbi [...] Angola, runs against US tr[...] interests, pushing the country [...]wards dependence on the So[...] Union but also, as Chomsky p[...] it, in favour of a more import[...] US interest which is "to justify [...] attack against Nicaragua [...] defence of the Fifth Freedom — [...] US's freedom to rob and exploit' [...] a key concept in Chomsk[...] thought.

Chomsky's book will not, [...] Dickey's, be easy fashionable re[...]ing for those who enjoy mock[...] the outrageous lies and lim[...] perceptions of Reagan's Washi[...]ton. But in spite of its dense pr[...] it is rich reading for anyone try[...] to understand how the majority [...] Congress came to collude w[...] paying for squalid criminals [...] mutilate and murder teach[...] nurses, priests and oth[...] organising peasants in Nicara[...] for the dreams of education, he[...] and the right to work for yours[...]

Bankrupt in LA

By Clancy Sigal

LETTERS FROM HOLLYWOOD, by Michael Moorcock, with drawings by Michael Foreman (Harrap, £10.95).

THE only travel writers I trust are those with creatively bad tempers like Paul Theroux or someone like Michael Moorcock who is running away from his troubles. Moorcock, a Guardian fiction prize winner and science fantasy writer, fled to Southern California to escape wives, lawsuits, bankruptcy and several other London afflictions.

In a series of letters to the writer J. G. Ballard, he complains, moans, groans, lacerates himself and others — and it's terrific entertainment for the reader because throughout he never loses his sharp, shrewd, angry and affectionate eye for the often weird, tacky places he has a genius for ending up in.

Moorcock seems to function best when his back is to the wall. An "imminent bankrupt with two pairs of jeans and a cancelled credit card," like a loose tumbleweed he bounces around the unfashionable but most interesting parts of Los Angeles — San Fernando Valley, Venice beach, West Hollywood — where scuzz and ethnic and criminal and criminally ambitious mingle, sometimes violently, to create "the first real city of the future." (Quite correctly, he sees through San Francisco's waxen snobbery.)

While he's writing a script and watching a friend die, his sci-fi brain is soaking up LA's maddening, contradictory images: the street dogs howling in the night just before an earthquake, the police helicopters Vietnamising the city by constantly circling overhead, the commercial architecture that always turns out to be "authentic" copies not of something real but of a myth that was created originally in a Hollywood studio, the sun-blasted yet somehow comfortingly wide streets that seem to end up in yet another version of someone else's fantasy. Moorcock loves LA partly because it exceeds his own most lurid nightmares and yet manages to be "a Midwesterner's dream of a true homeland and . . . an extended Bournemouth . . . punctuated by yuccas, by tiny swimming pools, by yards crowded with bougainvillaea and magnolia."

He knows LA's reputation as vulgar, trashy and insanely self-indulgent. But he also knows the real secret, that "you have to give yourself up to LA, body and soul, if you want to experience the city's real benefits." And you have to love its characteristic scent, "a mixture of motor oil and magnolias."

For a brief time out in his fractured life Moorcock lent himself to the city which gave him noisy respite, some money and these unimpeachable fresh letters. In the end he got a Hell's Angel friend to tattoo him with LA's unofficial motto: FAITH HOPE ANXIETY.

22

Hero of the joanna

By Norman Shrapnel

THE PIANOPLAYERS, by Anthony Burgess (Hutchinson, £8.95).

WITH musicals made out of almost anything to hand, Anthony Burgess — who better entitled, with three symphonies as well as 30 novels to his name? — reverses the process and turns music into words. (Not entirely: The Pianoplayers ends with a page or two of unassimilated music score, which almost suggests that future Burgess students may need a keyboard and basic strings as part of their critical equipment.)

Nothing highbrow, though, about this new novel. It has hit on a brilliant theme, low and heroic at the same time. Pianoplayers — not to be confused with pianists, a superior but less exclusive performing breed — were the tireless, iron-fingered pros who thumped out the musical accompaniments in the old silent movie-houses, unsung Paderewskis of a thousand down-town Gems and Majestics.

Superior cinemas had orchestras, but how could an orchestra respond with the necessary immediacy? As the pianoplaying hero remarks, they could still be tastefully rendering Mendelssohn's Spring Song when the prairie was covered with snow.

He is teaching his daughter the true art on the never-tuned fleapit joanna. "Here's a chord you can't do without — you use it for fights, burst dams, thunderstorms, the voice of the Lord God, a wife telling her old man to bugger off out of the house and not come back never no more."

So far, never a wrong note. Another twist of the nostalgia peg? That, but more too. Burgess celebrates the memory of this rich, humble performing world better than anybody since Priestley. His air of light authority, *con amore* without ever cloying, exactly suits the material and the whole thing is kept alive by particularity — exact names, precise dates, essential professional equipment like those versatile stock chords: "CEG sharp. DFA sharp. Make it on any note, good for ghost music, Frankenstein, that sort of thing."

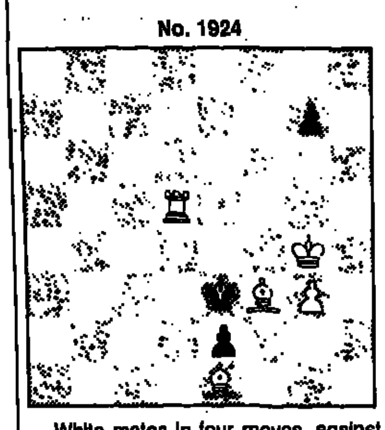
But the baddies, the dreaded Talkies, were drawing near — the Singing Fool, the backstage musicals, the canned voice of the new age. Almost overnight, the pianoplayers were dead, Literally in the case of Burgess's Billy, who passes away in a non-stop marathon in which all the tunes of his past life pass beneath his calloused fingertips. Monastery Garden, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ode to Joy with free variations, the lot.

What a way to go — and, you'd have thought, a natural ending for the novel too. But then Burgess does his best to spoil it all with an ill-fitting coda relating the arts of music to those of love. If it's any consolation, the pianoplayer produces a grandson who turns out to be a famous pianist.

Chess

By Leonard Barden

No. 1924



White mates in four moves, against any defence (by V. Baja, 1979).

Solution No 1923:

White K at K3, Q at Q4, Rs at QR6 and KR7, B at QB2, Ns at KR5 and KR6, P at KB4. Black K at K3, Q at QN3, Bs at QN1 and QN8, N at QB1, Ps at Q2 and KN3. Mate in two.

1 K-Q2 (threat 2 QxP) Q-Q3 2 B-N3, or if N-Q3 2 Q-K5, or if B-Q3 2 Q-B4, or if PxN 2 P-B5, or if P-Q3 2 Q-K4.

IF THE young juniors who did so well at Lloyds Bank fulfil their promise and protential, Britain will have another generation of strong grandmasters in the 1990s. Michael Adams (5½/9) obtained his second IM norm at age 14 with a round to spare, and as in the British Championship looked already worth the title. In the very first round he outplayed the Indian No 2 Prasad, who has just become Commonwealth champion, in a game of impressive strategic and tactical control. Watch *the white KRP and QB take command* of the long diagonal, the dance of white's KR, and the final sacrificial attack.

Michael Adams (England) — Devaki Prasad (India)
Sicilian, Scheveningen
(Lloyds Bank 1986)

1 P-K4 P-QB4	2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-Q4 PxP	4 NxP N-KB3
5 N-QB3 P-Q3	6 P-KN4 N-B3
7 P-N5 N-Q2	8 B-K3 N-N3
9 P-KR4 P-Q4	10 PxP PxP
11 Q-K2 B-K2	12 O-O-O O-O
13 B-N2 B-QN5	14 N(4)-N5 P-QR3
15 BxP NxB	16 NxN Q-R4
17 N(N5)-B3 BxN	18 NxB B-K3
19 P-R3 QR-B1	20 P-R5 Q-KB4
21 R-R4! P-N4	22 N-K4 B-B5

Black seems to have active play for his pawn, but White combines attack with defence to increase his advantage.

23 Q-K1 B-R7	24 P-R6 KR-K1
25 R-B4 Q-N3	26 R-Q6 R-K3
27 RxR BxR	28 PxP QxP(N2)
29 B-Q2! Q-K4	30 R-R4 B-B4
31 B-B3 Q-K3	32 N-B6 ch K-B1
33 NxP ch K-K2	34 Q-Q2 P-R4
35 R-R1	

35 B-B6 looks quicker: K-K1 36 N-B6 Q-R7 37 R-K4 ch KxN (BxR 38 Q-Q7 ch) 38 Q-Q6 ch K-N1 39 R-KR4 B-R2 40 P-N6 PxP 41 RxB!

35 ... Q-R7	36 Q-K3 ch B-K3
37 Q-B5 ch K-Q2	38 N-B6 ch K-B2
39 N-K8 ch! RxN	40 BxP ch K-N2
41 Q-N6 ch K-R1	42 QxN ch K-R2
43 B-N6 ch Resigns	

Dharshan Kumaran, aged 11 years 2 months and current world under-12 holder totalled 4/9 including wins over two 1986 British Men's Championship players. Matthew Sadler, 12 years 3 months, scored 5½/9, missed the IM norm by half a point, drew with IMs in his last four games, and achieved the youngest 2400 tournament rating performance in chess history. While Adams, as evidenced by the above game, is developing an all-court playing style in the mould of a junior Fischer, Sadler is a mini-Karpov or Petrosian who grinds opponents down and is tenacious under pressure.

Agdestein, at 19 the world's youngest GM and the first top class player ever from Norway, wins here by exploiting a curious queen's side traffic jam:

GM Simen Agdestein (Norway) — GM Johann Hjartarson (Iceland)
QP, Bogolyubov variation
(Lloyds Bank 1986)

1 P-Q4 N-KB3	2 N-KB3 P-K3
3 P-B4 B-N5 ch	4 B-Q2 BxB ch
5 QNxB P-Q4	6 Q-B2 O-O
7 P-KN3 P-QN3	8 PxP PxP
9 R-B1 N-R3	10 B-N2 P-B4
11 O-O B-N2	12 P-N3 Q-K2
13 KR-K1 KR-K1	14 Q-N2 N-B2
15 N-R4 P-N3	16 PxP PxP
17 P-QN4 P-B5	18 NxP PxN
19 BxB QR-N1	20 B-B6 RxP
21 Q-R3 N-N4	22 Q-R5 R-N1
23 N-B3 Q-B4	24 P-QR4 N-N5
25 R-KB1 P-QR3	26 PxN PxP
27 Q-R3 Q-B1	28 P-R3 N-B3
29 N-Q4 Resigns	

Bridge

By Rixi Markus©

THE basic reason for my admiration of Zia Mahmoud is that he plays bridge in a style similar to my own; while he is clearly more skilful and more successful, we speak the same language at *the bridge table.*

Here is an example of Zia's great skill and remarkable table presence. East dealt at love all.

NORTH
♠ J 10 4 3
♥ J 3 2
♦ Q J 7 5 4 2
♣ —

WEST
♠ Q 8 5
♥ 9 6 4
♦ 8 3
♣ K 10 8 5 2

EAST
♠ 9 7 6
♥ 7 5
♦ A K 10 9 6
♣ J 6 3

SOUTH
♠ A K 2
♥ A K Q 10 8
♦ —
♣ A Q 9 7 4

The bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH M'moud	WEST
	NB	2C	NB
2D	Double	2H	NB
3D	NB	4C	Double
5C(1)	NB	5S	NB
6H	NB	NB	NB

(1) North made imaginative use of the opportunity to show his first-round control in a suit bid naturally by his partner; he could not possibly want to play in 5C once South had been doubled in 4C, and the inference was that he was cue-bidding with hearts as the agreed suit.

West showed a great deal of interest in the auction and asked for all kinds of explanations afterwards. This point did not pass unnoticed by Zia, who took full advantage of the inferences in the play of his tricky slam contract.

West led the eight of diamonds to the queen and king, and declarer ruffed and immediately ruffed a club in dummy: A spade to the ace, a club ruff, a spade to the king and another club ruff left the following position:

NORTH
♠ J 10
♥ —
♦ J 7 5 4 2
♣ —

WEST
♠ Q
♥ 9 6 4
♦ 3
♣ K 10

EAST
♠ 9
♥ 7 5
♦ A 10 9 6
♣ —

SOUTH
♠ 2
♥ A K Q 10
♦ —
♣ A Q

Reading the situation perfectly, Zia now ruffed a diamond, drew the outstanding trumps in three rounds and exited with the two of spades, forcing West to win and return a club into South's tenace.

I played the following hand with Zia Mahmoud in the Madeira Bridge Festival. It is a good example of our simple but effective bidding style.

NORTH
♠ A K 6 5
♥ A J 9 6
♦ 8 2
♣ K Q 3

WEST
♠ J 10 9 7 3
♥ K 10 6 5
♦ J 3
♣ J 5

EAST
♠ Q 8 4 2
♥ Q 7
♦ Q 7 5 4
♣ 7 4 2

SOUTH
♠ —
♥ 4 3 2
♦ A K 10 9 6
♣ A 10 9 8 6

NORTH M'moud	EAST	SOUTH Markus	WEST
1NT	NB	3D	NB
3NT	NB	4C	NB
6C	NB	NB	NB

West led the jack of spades against the excellent contract of 6C. I won in dummy, discarding a heart loser from my hand, and immediately cashed the ace and king of diamonds. A *third* diamond was ruffed by West's five of clubs and over-ruffed in dummy. A spade ruff in hand was followed by another diamond, ruffed by the jack and king of clubs, and I was then able to draw trumps and claim the rest of the tricks.

Strange as it may seem, this easy slam was missed at almost every other table, and all the pairs who were employing complicated strong club systems found it difficult to progress beyond 3NT.

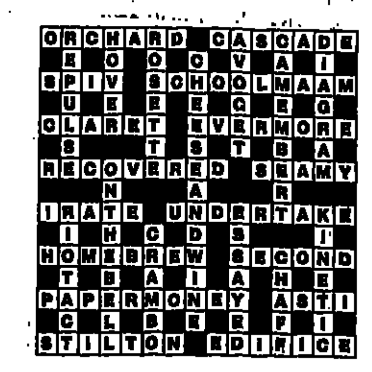
ARAUCARIA

ACROSS

1. Hunch you'll find in Finn a bachelor politician (8).
5. What's this? Who won? (3, 3).
9. Searches for musical instrument: hurry up! (4, 5).
11. Solver? No good starting in early years (5).
12. 5 is in supreme chaos, making little mark (12).
15. See 19.
16. An exclamation of surprise at the queen in Fife (10).
18. Large Irishman after knick-knack? (5-5).
19, 15. Lobby for returning African volcano (8).
21. Record border in discord: show taste or bias (12).
24. Beside unturning lane? (5).
25. Pith of Aralia, for feeding and reading? (4-5).
26. Last row in Little England (6).
27. Philosopher's piece of ground in America (8).

DOWN

1, 2. Lawn edger, partly waxed? (4-4).
3. Wrong luggage around at Stoke? (6).
4. Hawker's pigeon looked into by Keats (8, 5).
6. Headless body's various uses in 4 (8).
7. His iron gun may be good for him (10).
8. A horse in alarm? He's got a job (4-6).
10. Dazzling in display: only practice manoeuvre without 17 (13).
13. Have a go (say) at pudding I consumed, and dance for joy (10).
14. *Angelic, of many carats?* (4, 2, 4).
17. Bad dog Henry's very light (8).
20. About to utter (vulgarly) refrain (4, 2).
22, 23. Start weaponry in welcome (4, 4).



CRICKET

Lancastrian bidder for Botham

IAN BOTHAM'S former manager, eccentric millionaire entrepreneur Tim Hudson has made a surprise bid to take not only Botham but his friend and county colleague Viv Richards to Old Trafford in a deal involving £100,00 of Hudson's own money, writes Mike Selvey.

At the moment, Richards and the West Indian Test player Joel Garner, both Somerset players, have been told that their contracts with the county will not be renewed after this season, and Botham has said that if they go, then he is prepared to move as well.

And Hudson is ready to try to oust Cedric Rhoades, the Lancashire club chairman for the past 22 years, to bring "the two greatest cricketers in the world" to Lancashire.

Hudson says he is prepared to offer both players £25,000 a year. Botham is said to be on a basic £16,000 at Somerset.

GOLF: David Davies on the European Open at Sunningdale

Extra cool Norman takes the title

THE natural order of things was emphatically restated at Sunningdale on Sunday when Greg Norman, the world's best golfer this year, won the Panasonic European Open. In an extraordinary play-off, Ken Brown was defeated, almost literally, by the sounds of silence.

Both men had finished 11-under-par, 278, and set off down the long first on the play-off. But Brown, faced eventually with a six-foot birdie putt to take the affair further, lined it up, stood to the ball and was apparently about to hit it when he backed away. To Norman's astonishment he looked up, grinned, and said: "Gosh, hasn't it gone quiet here?"

Norman doubled up with laughter. "That, under the circumstances, was the most remarkable thing anyone has said to me on a golf course," he said later. "It was weird. I don't think you ever hear silence, not if you're concentrating properly."

In an afternoon full of dramatic golf, the play-off contributed its full share. If the little boy among the spectators wearing a green Masters visor had been at Augusta earlier this year he would have recognised Norman's drive. It whistled off to the right, clattered into the trees and the Australian was fortunate that the ball finished on trampled grass, with a clear shot to the green. He still had 240 yards to go, though, and needed a two iron which, the moment he hit it, brought gasps of astonishment from the spectators.

It bounced short, ran up and pulled to a halt 25 feet away. Brown, from the middle of the fairway, hit what looked like a good second that got no sort of bounce forward at all, leaving him a tiny chip for his third, which bumbled away left, six feet from the whole.

Despite leaving the putt half an inch short, Brown was all smiles when he congratulated the man who is 95 places and some $600,000 above him in the US money list. In that respect he has learned some important lessons in recent years and in the process won himself a lot of friends.

Norman took the first prize of £35,000 together with a bonus of £50,000 for winning the title while being the reigning Open champion.

The last nine holes were worthy of any important tournament in the world. Severiano Ballesteros charged, but from too far back, Nick Faldo remained an ominous presence, Bernhard Langer, as ever, was lurking, while Brown, bending his Oxfam frame like a question mark over the ball was the unlikely direct challenger to Norman, the epitome of blond Australian athletic excellence.

For Brown the pivotal holes were the long 14th and short 15th. In trouble all the way at the 14th, he holed a 20-foot putt for his birdie, which took him to 10 under, following it with a 25-footer for another at the 15th. Now he had to finish no worse than par over the demanding Sunningdale Old closing holes and the only danger came at the last.

He hit his second into a bunker by the green and the temptation to remember Bob Tway, who holed out from a rather more difficult position to rob Norman of the US PGA Championship was irresistible. Brown, however, was not that lucky, producing a fine shot to four feet and holing for the play-off.

SOCCER: David Lacey — Nottingham Forest 6, Aston Villa 0

Serving up a refreshing Forest picnic

THOSE critics rushing to condemn the 1986-7 football season as unworthy of their labours should at least reserve judgment until they have watched Nottingham Forest, the new First Division leaders. If they still feel the same then it will have to be concluded that it is the critics who need to be revitalised, not the game.

Having seen Forest dispose of Charlton 4-0, win a marvellous game at West Ham 2-1 and on Saturday crush an enfeebled Aston Villa 6-0, following which Villa dismissed their manager, Graham Turner, it is not difficult to reach the conclusion that Brian Clough's latest team are the most refreshing side to head the League since Malcolm Allison's Manchester City won the title in 1968.

In Forest there is the same spread of youthful innovation backed by a solid core of experience, and the same delight in doing the basic things well. Neil Webb, Nigel Clough, Gary Birtles and Johnny Metgod know, even as they receive the ball, what they are going to do with it. When you watch Forest you realise that turning with the ball, making space, and threading a pass through the narrowest of gaps is not an art lost to the English game.

Of course we all know about Liverpool, whose reign is unequalled in English football history, and Leeds United who, once they had put away their fedoras and tommy-guns, played superb football in the early Seventies. But since that Manchester City side came and went only West Ham have been such a sheer delight to watch.

Naturally, when people think of Forest they think of Brian Clough, who in the last 11 years has led the club to triumphs in the League, European Cup and League Cup, but has won nothing since 1980. Clough is best known now for periodical outbursts of polemic in the popular newspapers. Not since Ibsen has one man found ghosts so consistently rewarding.

If that is what editors believe sells newspapers then so be it. Nevertheless Clough, like Vanessa Redgrave is better judged for work on stage.

On Saturday early arrivals in the Trent Bridge area of Nottingham had the chance to witness two collapses. Nottinghamshire lost seven wickets before lunch, Villa six goals before tea.

Villa were consistently undone by a fast-medium attack, had no answer to the one that goes away late — Carr — the one that nips back — Clough — and looked vulnerable to football's equivalent of the straight ball, namely long clearances from the opposing goalkeeper.

Forest and Villa are the only clubs to have broken Merseyside's stranglehold on the League championship since 1975, and each have won the European Cup in the process. There the similarities end.

Be that as it may Villa, suffering from a mixture of evils — injuries, loss of form, loss of confidence — are already in danger of going the way of West Bromwich Albion last season. Albion's defence caved in during the autumn, and relegation followed.

On Saturday Villa's defence could hardly have recognised themselves from the descriptions in the Forest programme — "versatile defender . . . talented young full-back . . . key figure . . ." and so on. Steve Hodge "needed no introduction". Quite so, since he had been dropped following a transfer request.

This is surely the difference between Clough and most of his contemporaries. Had Hodge entertained such thoughts while he was still at Forest then far from playing for England in Stockholm, where they lost 1-0, he would have been lucky to watch the highlights on television.

From the moment the Villa defence stood and watched Carr score in the sixth minute, it *became a matter of how many* Forest would get. Poor Paul Elliott, the centre-back signed from Luton last season for £400,000, suffered an afternoon of fate's practical jokes. He gave away the second goal by falling over as he went to intercept a centre, and in the second half nearly gave away another after a clearance upfield from Sutton had bounced off the back of his head.

Two minutes earlier a high punt from Sutton had found Nigel Clough strolling past the Villa back four. Evans did well to get in a tackle, but Birtles simply collected the loose ball to score Forest's fifth.

"If we cannot defend from kick-outs by the goalkeeper, from throw-ins and from free kicks, then we just cannot defend," observed Turner, in what turned out to be his valedictory speech.

The paradox of the afternoon, was that Forest's most inventive movements produced near misses — the closest when Metgod clipped the bar — and their more ordinary play brought the goals.

An exception was their third goal, scored at the beginning of the second half. Pearce played the ball up to Webb on the left, and he squared it to Clough, who was waiting in the Villa penalty area. Clough made space in the classic manner by letting the ball run, and then scored with a precise shot inside the right-hand post.

At 20 young Clough is already a player of considerable potential. He has a patient, undemonstrative style obviously inherited from his mother, but has acquired his father's keen sense of a scoring opportunity. Webb is confirming the promise he showed at Portsmouth, Carr's pace and skill are more effective now he is crossing the ball earlier, and the form of Walker at centre-back has already been noted by Bobby Robson.

Forest have much to do before they can be regarded as possible champions, but they have plenty of promise.

SCORERS — Nottingham Forest: Birtles (22 and 64min), Webb (54 and 89), Carr (6), Clough (46).

Nottingham Forest: Sutton; Fleming, Pearce, Walker, Metgod, Bowyer (Mills, 74min), Carr, Webb, Clough, Birtles, Campbell.

Aston Villa: Poole; Keown, Dorigo, Evans, Elliott, Birch, Hunt, Stainrod, Thompson, Norton, Daley.

Referee: G. Courtney (Spennymoor).

SOCCER RESULTS

FOOTBALL LEAGUE FIRST DIVISION: Coventry 3, Newcastle 0; Liverpool 2, Charlton 0; Luton 0, Arsenal 0; Manchester Utd 5, Southampton 1; Norwich 1, Watford 3; Nottm F 6, Aston Villa 0; Oxford 0, Manchester C 0; QPR 2, West Ham 3; Sheffield W 2, Leicester 2; Tottenham 1, Chelsea 3; Wimbledon 1, Everton 2. Leading positions: 1, Nottm Forest (p6, pts13); 2, Liverpool (p6, pts13); 3, Everton (p6, pts12).

SECOND DIVISION: Birmingham 1, Huddersfield 1; Crystal Palace 1, Sheffield Utd 2; Grimsby 0, Derby 1; Leeds 3, Reading 2; Millwall 2, Bradford 2; Oldham 2, Stoke 0; Plymouth 2, Brighton 2; Portsmouth 1, Blackburn 0; Shrewsbury 1, Barnsley 0; Sunderland 1, Hull 0; WBA 3, Ipswich 4. Leading positions: 1, Oldham (p6, pts16); 2, Crystal Palace (p6, pts12); 3, Portsmouth (p6, pts11).

THIRD DIVISION: Bournemouth 2, Bolton 1; Bristol R 0, Mansfield 0; Bury 0, Rotherham 2; Carlisle 0, Walsall 3; Chesterfield 0, Bristol C 3; Darlington 2, Notts County 1; Fulham 1, Brentford 3; Gillingham 0, Middlesbrough 0; Port Vale 2, York 3; Swindon 1, Chester 1; Wigan 1, Newport 2. Played Sunday: Doncaster 2, Blackpool 2. Leading positions: 1, York (p4, pts10); 2, Bristol City (p4, pts8); 3, Middlesbrough (p4, pts6).

FOURTH DIVISION: Aldershot 4, Lincoln 0; Burnley 1, Hartlepool 1; Cambridge Utd 2, Exeter 2; Cardiff 0, Tranmere 2; Crewe 1, Wolverhampton 1; Orient 3, Scunthorpe 1; Preston 2, Hereford 1. Played Sunday: Northampton 2, Peterborough 1. Leading positions: 1, Northampton (p4, pts10); 2, Swansea (p4, pts9); 3, Exeter (p4, pts8).

FINE FARE SCOTTISH LEAGUE PREMIER DIVISION: Aberdeen 0, Hearts 1; Dundee Utd 2, Celtic 2; Falkirk 0, Hamilton 0; Hibernian 0, St Mirren 1; Motherwell 0, Dundee 0; Rangers 4, Clydebank 0. Leading positions: 1, Dundee Utd (p7, pts12); 2, Hearts (p7, pts11); 3, Celtic (p7, pts10); 4, Rangers (p7, pts10).

SCOTTISH FIRST DIVISION: Airdrie 3, Kilmarnock 2; Brechin 1, Dunfermline 4; Dumbarton 1, Montrose 0; Forfar 2, Clyde 1; Partick 2, Morton 5; Queen of South 2, E Fife 0. Leading positions: 1, Airdrie (p7, pts12); 2, Dunfermline (p7, pts12); 3, Dumbarton (p7, pts10); 4, Queen of South (p7, pts10).

SCOTTISH LEAGUE SECOND DIVISION: Arbroath 1, St Johnstone 1; Berwick 1, Meadowbank 1; Cowdenbeath 1, Raith R 2; Queens Park 1, Albion 2; Stenhousemuir 3, E Stirling 2; Stirling A 1, Alloa 2; Stranraer 0, Ayr 0. Leading positions: 1, Alloa (p6, pts12); 2, Raith (p6, pts9); 3, Stirling (p6, pts9).

County Cricket Championship

	P	W	L	D	Bt	Bl	Pts
Essex (4)	23	10	5	8	51	74	285
Gloucestershire (3)	24	9	3	12	50	65	259
Nottingh'mshire (8)	23	7	2	14	55	76	243
Worcestershire (5)	24	7	5	12	56	72	242
Hampshire (2)	23	7	4	12	54	69	235
Surrey (6)	23	7	6	10	51	66	229
Leicestershire (16)	23	5	6	12	65	66	201
Kent (9)	23	5	7	11	42	75	197
Yorkshire (11)	24	4	5	15	62	59	193
Northant'shire (10)	23	5	3	15	51	569	187
Derbyshire (13)	23	4	5	14	42	70	176
Middlesex (1)	23	4	9	10	47	65	176
Warwickshire (15)	23	4	5	14	57	49	170
Sussex (7)	23	4	7	12	42	53	159
Lancashire (14)	23	4	5	14	41	51	156
Somerset (17)	23	3	6	14	62	62	152
Glamorgan (12)	23	1	7	15	39	47	102

1985 positions in brackets.

Yorkshire total includes eight points from a drawn match in which the scores finished level while they were batting.

CRICKET: Mike Selvey on the John Player League

Essex pocket last-gasp prize

SO, farewell then John Player. The John Player Special League, after 18 seasons, has finally burnt itself down to the filter and expired. The trophy had been claimed the previous week by Hampshire, so Sunday's last round of matches was all about sorting out the places and novelty money.

At stake was £9,500 for second place, £4,250 for third, and £2,400 for fourth. Essex duly took their earnings to £31,500 for the week when they rattled off a routine seven-wicket win against Glamorgan to take second place. Rather fittingly it was the captain Graham Gooch who did the damage, first with the ball — three for 28 as Glamorgan collapsed from 65 for one to 136 all out — and then hitting 61 in the Essex reply. Touching, too, that Keith Fletcher should make the winning hit.

The battle for third place took place at Trent Bridge between Notts and Northants, who at one point led the table but who had not won since July 27.

And it was no better on Sunday as they were beaten by seven wickets. Northants made a steady start through Wayne Larkins and Robert Bailey, but were restricted by the Notts captain Clive Rice, who took four for 33, the fifth time he has taken four this season, a feat which earns him a bonus of £400. Notts, too, made a good start in pursuit of the 180 needed to win, and with Paul Johnson scoring 79, made it with 15 balls to spare.

Northants were squeezed out of fourth place by Sussex, whose 15-run win at Edgbaston put them level on points with six away wins against Northants' two. They can thank a third wicket stand of 117 by Imran Khan (89) and Paul Parker (51) for their total of 216 for six, which in spite of the efforts of Alvin Kallicharran (44) and Dennis Amiss (34), proved too much.

Surrey made up for their loss against Hampshire the previous week by beating Leicester by two wickets in a low-scoring game at the Oval, while the new champions hammered Lancashire by eight wickets, with Kevan James taking four for 23.

There were 437 sixes hit this year, 23 less than last, and the £400 prize for the most by an individual went to Ian Botham who hit 23, eight more than his (ex) teammate Viv Richards. The £250 for the fastest televised 50 — an ironic award given that one reason for John Player's withdrawal is the reduction in television time — is shared jointly by Clive Radley and Colin Wells, who both took 49 balls.

Cricket: John Player League Final Table

	P	W	L	NR	T	Pts
Hampshire (3)	16	12	3	1	0	50
Essex (1)	16	11	4	1	0	46
Nottinghamshire (12)	16	10	5	1	0	42
Sussex (2)	16	10	6	0	0	40
Northamptonshire (5)	16	9	5	2	0	40
Kent (10)	16	7	5	3	1	36
Somerset (10)	16	8	6	2	0	36
Yorkshire (6)	16	7	6	2	1	34
Derbyshire (4)	16	7	9	0	0	28
Middlesex (12)	16	5	7	3	1	28
Warwickshire (6)	16	5	7	2	2	28
Glamorgan (14)	16	6	9	1	0	26
Lancashire (14)	16	6	9	1	0	26
Surrey (17)	16	5	8	2	1	26
Leicestershire (6)	16	5	10	1	0	22
Worcestershire (16)	16	5	11	0	0	20
Gloucestershire (6)	16	3	11	2	0	16

1985 positions in brackets.